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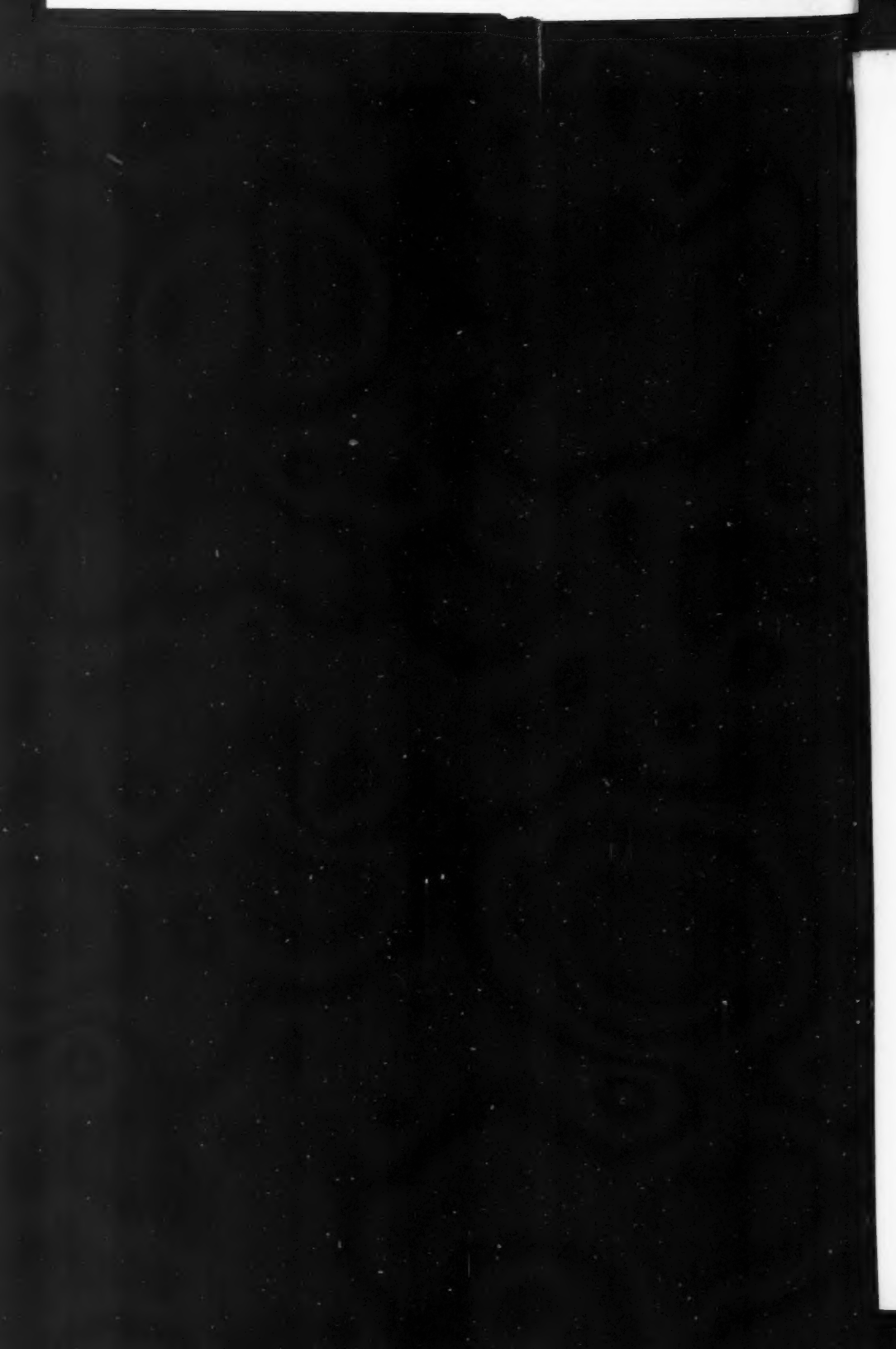


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AVE ATQUE VALE.

You that have gone before me
To the dark unknown,
One by one who have left me
To walk alone,

Friends of my youth and manhood,
Vanished away,
Like a drift of crimson sunset
At close of day!

We held sweet converse together
Of soul with soul,
Probing the life of nature
From pole to pole;

Spelling again the story
Of days of old,
Dreaming of all the wonder
The years yet hold.

Half of my own self were you,
Half of my life,
Sharing its thought and action,
Its peace and strife.

Now tho' I call, none answers;
Vain is my prayer,
Vainly my question falleth
On voiceless air.

Nay, but the years pass swiftly,
And I too pass
Out of the world of sunshine
Like autumn grass,

On to the world beyond us,
The dark unknown,
To join the friends of my manhood,
No more alone.

There, where their dreams are ended,
And life's long quest,
Jesu, O Lord, have mercy,
Grant them Thy rest!

Academy.

A. H. S.

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

What shall we find when the play is done
At the sign of the Pekoe Tree?
A cup and a welcome for every one,
And a corner for you and me.
A glimpse of æsthetic daintiness,
An air of Bohemian ease, no less,
And a corner for you and me;
Where one may sip and dream if he will,
And fancy the world is standing still,
At the sign of the Pekoe Tree!

Fair Phyllis as well, polite, alert,
We shall find at the Pekoe Tree;
Not over demure, nor yet too pert,
As she waits upon you and me.
Prettily gowned, and daintily neat,
With deft white hands, and a smile discreet,
As she waits upon you and me.
So, please, no excuse. Fagged out or "fit."
Or merry, or dull, what matters it—
We can meet at the Pekoe Tree!

Chamber's Journal.

J. J. D.

THE VOICE OF THE TREES.

Sweet is the sound of the wind in the
trees,
Softly it rises in whispering keys,
Murmurs of sound as the voice of the
seas.

Growing in power as it sweeps up the hill,
Striking the boughs with a musical thrill,
Till the depth of a full note its measures
fulfil;

Quiv'ring the tree-tops still tell of the
meeting,
Then, as the waves from the shore back
retreating
Gently it dies in a whisper as fleeting.
Spectator, J. M. O.

Through the wood, the green wood, the
wet wood, the light wood,
Love and I went maying a thousand
lives ago;
Shafts of golden sunlight had made a
golden-bright wood
In my heart reflected, because I loved
you so.

Through the wood, the chill wood, the
brown wood, the bare wood,
I alone went lonely no later than last
year.
What had thinned the branches, and
wrecked my dear and fair wood,
Killed the pale wild roses and left the
rose-thorns sere?

Through the wood, the dead wood, the sad
wood, the lone wood,
Winds of winter shiver through lichens
old and grey.
You ride past, forgetting the wood that
was our own wood,
All our own—and withered as ever a
flower of May.

E. NESBIT.

From The Fortnightly Review.
THE NEW STUDY OF CHILDREN.

Man has always had the child with him, and one might be sure that since he became gentle and alive to the beauty of things he must have come under the spell of the baby. We have evidence beyond the oft-quoted departure of Hector and other pictures of child-grace in early literature that baby-worship and baby-subjection are not wholly things of modern times. There is a pretty story taken down by Mr. Leland from the lips of an old Italian woman, which relates how Glooskap, the hero-god, after conquering all his enemies, rashly tried his hand at managing a certain mighty baby, Wasis by name, and how he got punished for his rashness.¹

Yet there is good reason to suppose that it is only within comparatively recent times that the more subtle charm and the deeper significance of infancy have been discerned. We have come to appreciate babyhood as we have come to appreciate the finer lineaments of nature as a whole. This applies, of course, more especially to the ruder sex. The man has in him much of the boy's contempt for small things, and he needed ages of education at the hands of the better informed woman before he could perceive the charm of infantile ways.

One of the first males to do justice to this attractive subject was the apostle of nature, Jean Jacques Rousseau. He made short work of the theological dogma that the child is born morally depraved, and can only be made good by miraculous appliances. His watchword, return to nature, included a reversion to the infant as coming virginal and unspoilt by man's tinkering from the hands of its Maker. To gain a glimpse of this primordial beauty before it was marred by man's awkward touch was something, and so Rousseau taught men to sit reverently at the feet of infancy, watching and learning.

For us to-day who have learned to go

to the pure springs of nature for much of our spiritual refreshment, the child has acquired a high place among the things of beauty. Indeed, his graces may almost be said to have been discovered by the modern poet. Wordsworth has stooped over his cradle intent on catching ere it passed the "visionary gleams" of "the glories he hath known." R. L. Stevenson and others have tried to put into language his day-dreamings, his quaint fancyings. Dickens and Victor Hugo have shown us something of his delicate quivering heart-strings; Swinburne has summed up the divine charm of "children's ways and wiles." The page of modern literature is indeed a monument of our child-love and our child-admiration.

Nor is it merely as to a pure untarnished nature that we go back admiringly to childhood. The æsthetic charm of the infant which draws us so potently to its side and compels us to watch its words and actions is, like everything else which moves the modern mind, highly complex. Among other sources of this charm we may discern the perfect serenity, the happy *insouciance* of the child-mind. The note of world complaint in modern life has penetrated into most domains, yet it has not, one would hope, penetrated into the charmed circle of childish experience. Childhood has, no doubt, its sad aspect:—

Poor stumbler on the rocky coast of woe,
Tutored by pain each source of pain to know.

Neglect and cruelty may bring much misery into the first bright years. Yet the very instinct of childhood to be glad in its self-created world, an instinct which, with consummate art, Victor Hugo keeps warm and quick in the breast of the half-starved, ill-used child Cosette, secures for it a peculiar blessedness. The true nature-child who has not become blazé is happy untroubled by the future, knowing nothing of the nausea of disillusion. As we with hearts chastened by many experiences take a peep over the wall

¹ Quoted by Miss Shinn. *Overland Monthly*, January, 1894.

of his fancy-built pleasure, we seem to be carried back to a real golden age. With Amiel, we say, "*Le peu de paradis que nous apercevons encore sur la terre est du à sa présence.*" Yet the thought, which the same moment brings, of the fleeting of the nursery-visions, of the coming storm and stress, adds a pathos to the spectacle, and we feel as Heine felt when he wrote:—

Ich schau' dich an, und Wehmuth
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.

With the growth of a poetic or sentimental interest in childhood there has come a new and different kind of interest. Ours is a scientific age, and science has cast its inquisitive eye on the infant. We want to know what happens in these first all-decisive two or three years of human life, by what steps exactly the wee amorphous thing takes shape and bulk, both physically and mentally. And we can now speak of the beginning of a careful and methodical investigation of child-nature by men trained in scientific observation. This line of inquiry, started by physicians, as the German Sigismund, in connection with their special professional aims, has been carried on by a number of fathers and others having access to the infant, among whom it may be enough to name Darwin and Preyer.

This eagerness to know what the child is like, an eagerness illustrated further by the number of child-remembrances recently published, is the outcome of a many-sided interest which it may be worth while to analyze.

The most obvious source of interest in the doings of infancy lies in its primitiveness. At the cradle we are watching the beginnings of things, the first tentative thrustings forward into life. Our modern science is before all things historical and genetic, going back to beginnings so as to understand the later and more complex phases of things as the outcome of these beginnings. The same kind of curiosity which prompts the geologist to get back to the first stages in the building up of

the planet, or the biologist to search out the pristine forms of life, is beginning to urge the student of man to discover by a careful study of infancy the way in which human life begins to take its characteristic forms.

The appearance of Darwin's name among those who have deemed the child worthy of study suggests that the subject is closely connected with natural history. However man in his proud maturity may be related to nature, it is certain that in his humble inception he is immersed in nature and saturated with her. As we all know, the lowest races of mankind stand in close proximity to the animal world. The same is true of the infants of civilized man. Their life is outward and visible, forming a part of nature's spectacle; reason and will, the noble prerogatives of human life, are scarce discernible; sense, appetite, instinct, these animal functions seem to sum up the first year of human life.

To the evolutionist, moreover, the infant exhibits a still closer kinship with the natural world. In the successive stages of foetal development he sees the gradual unfolding of human lineaments out of a widely typical animal form. And even after birth he can discern new evidences of this genealogical relation of the "lord" of creation to his inferiors. How significant, for example, is the fact recently established by a medical man, Dr. Lionel Robinson, that the new-born infant is able, just like the ape, to suspend his whole weight by grasping a small horizontal rod.

Yet even as nature-object for the biologist the child presents distinctive attributes. Though sharing in animal instinct, he shares in it only to a very small extent. The most striking characteristic of the new-born offspring of man is its unpreparedness for life. Compared with the young of other animals the infant is feeble and incapable. He can neither use his limbs nor see the distance of objects as a new-born chick or calf is able to do. His brain-centres are, we are told, in a pitiable state of undevelopment, and

are not even securely encased within their bony covering. Indeed, he suggests for all the world a public building which has to be opened by a given date, and is found, when the day arrives, to be in a humiliating state of incompleteness.

This fact of the special helplessness of the human offspring at birth, of its long period of dependence on parental or other aids—a period which probably tends to grow longer as civilization advances—is rich in biological and sociological significance. For one thing, it presupposes a specially high development of the protective and fostering instincts in the human parents, more particularly the mother—for if the helpless wee thing were not met by these instincts what would become of our race? It is probable, too, as Mr. Spencer and others have argued, that the institution by nature of this condition of infantile weakness has reacted on the social affections of the race, helping to develop our pitifulness for all frail and helpless things.

Nor is this all. The existence of the infant with its large and imperative claims has been a fact of capital importance in the development of social customs. Ethnological researches show that communities have been much exercised with the problem of infancy, have paid it the homage due to its supreme sacredness, girding it about with a whole group of protective and beneficent customs.

Nevertheless, it is not to the mere naturalist that the babe reveals all its significance. Physical organism as it seems, more than anything else, hardly more than a vegetative thing. Indeed, it carries with it the germ of a human consciousness, and this consciousness begins to expand and to form itself into a true human shape from the very beginning. And here a new source of interest presents itself. It is the human psychologist, the student of those impalpable, unseizable, evanescent phenomena which we call "states of consciousness," who has a supreme interest and a scientific property in

these first years of a human existence. What is of most account in these crude tentatives at living after the human fashion is the play of mind, the first spontaneous manifestations of recognition, of reasoning expectation, of feelings of sympathy and antipathy, of definite persistent purpose.

Rude, inchoate, vague enough, no doubt, are these first groping movements of a human mind, yet of supreme value to the psychologist just because they are the first. For psychology has taken to the genetic path, and busies itself with trying to trace back the tangled web of human consciousness to its earliest and simplest pattern. If, reflects the psychologist, he can only get at this baby consciousness so as to understand what is passing there, he will be in an infinitely better position to find his way through the intricacies of the adult consciousness. It may be that the baby-mind is not so perfectly simple, so absolutely primitive as it at first looks. Yet it is the simplest type of human consciousness to which we can have access. The investigator of the human consciousness can never take any known sample of the animal mind as his starting-point, if for no other reason, for this, that while possessing many of the elements of the human mind it presents these under so unlike, so peculiar a pattern.

In this genetic tracing back of the complexities of man's mental life to their primitive elements in the child's consciousness questions of peculiar interest will arise. A problem which, though having a venerable antiquity, is still full of meaning, concerns the precise relation of the higher forms of intelligence and of sentiment to the elementary facts of the individual's life-experience. Are we to regard all our ideas, even that of God, as woven by the mind out of its experiences as Locke thought, or have we certain "innate ideas" from the first? Locke thought he could settle this point by observing children. To-day, when the philosophic emphasis is laid, not on the date of appearance of the "innate"

intuition, but on its originality and spontaneity, this method of interrogating the child-mind may seem less promising. Yet, if of less philosophical importance than was once supposed it has a high psychological importance. There are certain questions, such as how we come to see things at a distance from us, which can be approached most advantageously by a study of the child-mind. In like manner, I believe the growth of a moral sentiment, of that feeling of reverence for duty to which Kant gave so eloquent an expression, can only be understood by the most painstaking observation of the mental activities of the first years.

There is, however, another and in a sense a larger source of psychological interest in studying the processes and development of the infant mind. It was pointed out above that to the evolutionary biologist the child exhibits man in his kinship with the lower sentient world. This same evolutionary point of view enables the psychologist to connect the unfolding of an infant's mind with something which has gone before, with the mental history of the race. According to this way of looking at infancy the successive phases of its mental life are a brief résumé of the more important features in the slow upward progress of the species. The periods dominated successively by sense and appetite, by blind wonder and superstitious fancy, by a calmer observation and a juster reasoning about things, these steps mark the pathway both of the child-mind and of the race-mind.

This being so the first years of a child, with their imperfect verbal expression, their crude fanciful ideas, their seizures by rage and terror, their absorption in the present moment, acquire a new and antiquarian interest. They mirror for us, in a diminished, distorted reflection no doubt, the probable condition of primitive man. As Sir John Lubbock and other anthropologists have told us, the intellectual and moral resemblances between the lowest existing races of mankind and children are numerous and close. When, for example, a child

is affected with terror at the first sight of the vast surging sea, or when he talks of having seen his dream "on his pillow," or when he alternately treats his toy-idols with credulous affection and sceptical disgust, do we not seem to see reflections of the savage mind? When, again, a child invents a rain-god or "rainer," or explains thunder as a noise made by God hammering something or treading heavily on the floor of the sky, are we not carried back to the hoary mythologies of the race?

Yet this way of viewing childhood is not merely of anthropological interest. In spite of the fashionable Weismannism of the hour there are evolutionists who hold that in the early manifested tendencies of the child we can discern signs of a hereditary transmission of the effects of ancestral experiences and activities. His first manifestations of rage, for example, are pretty certainly a survival of actions of remote ancestors in their life and death struggles. The impulse of obedience, which is as much a characteristic of the child as that of disobedience, may in like manner be regarded as a transmitted rudiment of a habit slowly acquired by generations of socialized ancestors. This idea of an increment of intelligence and moral disposition earned for the individual, not by himself but by his ancestors, has its peculiar interest. It gives a new meaning to human progress to suppose that the dawn of infant intelligence, instead of being a return to a primitive darkness, contains from the first a faint light reflected on it from the lamp of racial intelligence which has preceded; that, instead of a return to the race's starting point, to the lowest form of the school of experience, it is a start in a higher form, the promotion being a reward conferred on the small beginner for the exertions of his ancestors. Psychological observation will be well employed in scanning the features of the infant mind, in order to see whether they yield evidence of such ancestral dowering.

So much with respect to the rich and varied scientific interest attaching to the movements of the child-mind. It

only remains to touch on a third main interest in childhood, the practical or educational interest. The modern world, while erecting the baby into an object of æsthetic contemplation, while bringing to bear on him the bull's-eye lamp of scientific investigation, has become sorely troubled by the momentous problem of rearing him. What was once a matter of instinct and unthinking rule-of-thumb has become the subject of profound and perplexing discussion. Mothers—the right sort of mothers, that is—feel that they must know *au fond* this small speechless creature, which they are called upon to direct into the safe road of manhood. And professional teachers, more particularly the beginners in the work of training children, whose task is in some respects the most difficult and the most honorable, have come to see that a clear insight into child-nature and its spontaneous movements must precede any intelligent attempt to work beneficially upon this nature. In this way the teacher has lent his support to the savant and the psychologist in their investigation of infancy. More particularly he has betaken him to the psychologist in order to discover more of the native tendencies and the governing laws of that unformed child-mind which it is his in a special manner to form.

The awakening in the modern mind of this keen and varied interest in childhood has led, and is destined to lead still more, to the observation of infantile ways. This observation will, of course, be of very different value according as it subserves the contemplation of the humorous or other æsthetically valuable aspect of child-life, or as it is directed towards a scientific understanding of child-nature. Pretty anecdotes of children which tickle the emotions may or may not add to our insight into the peculiar mechanism of their minds. There is no necessary connection between smiling at infantile drolleries and understanding the laws of infantile intelligence. Indeed the mood of merriment, if too exuberant, will pretty certainly swamp

for the moment any desire to understand.

The observation which is to further understanding, which is to be acceptable to science, must itself be scientific. That is to say, it must be at once guided by foreknowledge, especially directed to what is essential in a phenomenon and its surroundings or conditions, and perfectly exact. If anybody supposes this to be easy he should first try his hand at the work, and then compare what he has seen with what Darwin or Preyer has been able to discover.

How difficult this is may be seen even with reference to the outward physical part of the phenomena to be observed. Ask any mother untrained in observation to note the first appearance of that complex facial movement which we call a smile, and you know what kind of result you are likely to get. The phenomena of a child's mental life, even on its physical and visible side, are of so subtle and fugitive a character that only a fine and quick observation is able to cope with them. But observation of children is never merely seeing. Even the smile has to be interpreted as a smile by a process of imaginative inference. Many careless onlookers would say that a baby smiles in the first days from very happiness, when another and simpler explanation of the movement is forthcoming. Similarly it wants much fine judgment to say whether an infant is merely stumbling accidentally on an articulate sound or is imitating your sound. A glance at some of the best memoirs will show how enormously difficult it is to be sure of a right interpretation of these early and comparatively simple manifestations of mind.

Things grow a great deal worse when we try to throw our scientific lasso about the elusive spirit of a child of four or six and catch the exact drift of its passing thought. Children are, no doubt, at this age frank before the eye of love, and their minds are vastly more accessible than that of the dumb dog who can only look his ardent thoughts. Yet they are by no means so open to view as is often supposed.

All kinds of shy reticences hamper them; they feel unskilled in using our cumbersome language; they soon find out that their thoughts are not as ours, but often make us laugh. And how carefully are they wont to hide from our sight their nameless terrors, physical and moral. Much of the deeper childish experience can only reach us years after it is over through the faulty medium of adult memory—faulty even when it is the memory of a Goethe, a George Sand, a Robert Louis Stevenson.¹

Even when there is perfect candor and the little one does his best to instruct us as to what is passing in his mind by his "whys" and his "I 'sposes," accompanied by the most eloquent of looks, we find ourselves ever and again unequal to comprehending. Child-thought follows its own paths—"roads," as Mr. Rudyard Kipling has well said, "unknown to those who have left childhood behind." Who would venture to say offhand what a child means by some of his odd questions, as when he solemnly asks, "Where do all the days go to, mamma?" or, "Why is there such a lot of things in the world if no one knows all these things?" or, "Mamma, why isn't Edna Belle me, and why ain't I Edna Belle?"

This being so it might well seem arrogant to speak of any "scientific" investigation of the child-mind; and, to be candid, I may as well confess that I think we are a long way off from a perfectly scientific account of it. Our so-called theories of children's mental activity have too often been hasty generalizations from imperfect observations. Children are probably much more diverse in their ways of thinking and feeling than our theories suppose. But of this more presently. Even where we meet with a common and comparatively observable trait we are far as yet from having a perfect comprehension of it. I at least believe that

children's play, about which so much has confidently been written, is but imperfectly understood. Is it serious business, half-conscious make-believe, more than half-conscious acting, or, no one of these, or all of them by turns?

Yet if I really believed that the child is incomprehensible I should not be writing this essay. The naturalist discusses the actions of the lower animals, confidently attributing intelligent planning here, and a germ of vanity, or even of moral sense, there. And it would be hard were we forbidden to study the little people that are of our own race, and are a thousand times more open to inspection. Really good work has already been done here, and one should be grateful. At the same time it seems to me of the greatest importance to recognize that it is but a beginning; that the child which the modern world has in the main discovered is after all only half discovered; that if we are to get at his inner life, his playful conceits, his solemn broodings over the mysteries of things, his way of responding to the motley show of life, we must carry this work of noting and interpreting to a much higher point.

Now, if progress is to be made in this work we must have specially qualified workers. All who know anything of the gross misunderstandings of children of which many so-called intelligent adults are capable will bear me out when I say that a certain gift of penetration is absolutely indispensable here. If any one asks me what the qualifications of a good child-observer amount to, I may perhaps answer, for the sake of brevity, "A divining faculty, the offspring of child-love, perfected by scientific training." Let us see what this includes.

That the observer of children must be a diviner, a sort of clairvoyant reader of their secret thoughts, seems to me perfectly obvious. Watch half-a-dozen men who find themselves unexpectedly ushered into a room tenanted by a small child, and in a few seconds you can pick out the diviners, the persons who, just because they

¹ In these days of published reminiscences of childhood it is quite refreshing to meet with a book like Mr. James Payn's "Gleams of Memory" which honestly confesses that its early recollections are almost *nil*.

have in themselves something akin to child-nature, seem able at once to get into touch with children. It is probable that women's acknowledged superiority in knowledge of child-nature is owing to their higher gift of sympathetic insight. This faculty, so far from being purely intellectual, is very largely the outgrowth of a peculiar moral nature to which the life of small things, and of children more than all, is always sweet and congenial. It is very much of a secondary or acquired instinct, that is, an unreflecting intuition, the product of a large experience. For the child-lover, like other lovers, seeks the object of his love, and is never so happy as when associating with children, and sharing in their thoughts and their pleasures. And it is through such habitual intercourse that there forms itself the instinct or tact by which the significance of childish manifestation is at once unerringly discerned.

There is in this tact or fineness of spiritual touch one constituent so important as to deserve special mention. I mean a lively memory of one's own childhood. If in order to read a child's mind we need imagination, and if all imagination is merely readjustment of individual experience, it follows that the skilled decipherer of infantile character *must* be in touch with his own early feelings and thoughts. And this is just what we find. The vivacious, genial woman who is never so much at home as when surrounded by a bevy of eager-minded children, is a woman who remains young in the important sense that she retains much of the freshness and unconventionality of mind, much of the gaiety and expansiveness of early life. Conversely, one may feel pretty sure that a woman who retains a vivid memory of her childish ideas and feelings will be drawn to the companionship of children. After reading their autobiographies, one hardly needs to be told that Goethe carried into old age his quick responsiveness to the gaiety of the young heart, and that George Sand in her later years was never so

happy as when gathering the youngsters about her.¹

Yet valuable as is this gift of sympathetic insight, it will not, of course, secure that methodical, exact kind of observation which is required by science. Hence the need of the second qualification, psychological training. By this is meant that special knowledge which comes from studying the principles of the science, its peculiar problems, and the methods appropriate to these, together with the special skill which is attained by a methodical practical application of this knowledge in the actual observation and interpretation of manifestations of mind. Thus a woman who wishes to observe to good effect the mind of a child of three must have a sufficient acquaintance with the general course of the mental life to know what to expect, and in what way the phenomena observed have to be interpreted. Really fine and fruitful observation is the outcome of a large knowledge, and anybody who is to carry out in a scientific fashion the observation of the humblest phase of a child's mental life must already know the child-mind as a whole, so far as psychology can as yet describe its characters, and determine the conditions of its activity.

And here the question naturally arises: "Who is to carry out this new line of scientific observation?" To begin with the first stage of it, who is to carry out the exact methodical record of the movements of the infant? It is evident that qualification or capacity is not all that is necessary here; capacity must be joined by opportunity before the work can be actually begun.

It has been pointed out that the pioneers who struck out this new line of experimental research were medical men. The meaning of this fact is pretty apparent. The doctor has not only a turn for scientific observation, he is a privileged person in the nursery.

¹ Since this was written the authoress of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has shown us how clear and far-reaching a memory she has of her childish experiences.

The natural guardians of infancy, the mother and the nurse, exempt him from their general ban on the male. He excepted, no man, not even the child's own father, is allowed to meddle too much with that divine mystery, that meeting point of all the graces and all the beatitudes, the infant.

Consider for a moment the kind of natural prejudice which the inquirer into the "character" of the infant has to face. Such inquiry is not merely passively watching what spontaneously presents itself; it is emphatically experimental, that is, the calling out of reactions by applying appropriate stimuli. Even to try whether the new-born babe will close its fingers on your finger when brought into contact with their anterior surface may well seem impious to a properly constituted nurse. To propose to test the little creature's sense of taste by applying drops of various solutions, as acids, bitters, etc., to the tongue, or to provoke ocular movements to the right or to the left, would pretty certainly seem a profanation of the temple of infancy, if not fraught with danger to its tiny deity. And as to trying Dr. Robinson's experiment of getting the newly-arrived treasure to suspend his whole precious weight by clasping a bar, it is pretty certain that, as women are at present constituted, only a medical man could have dreamt of so daring a feat.

There is no doubt that baby-worship, the sentimental adoration of infant ways, is highly inimical to the carrying out of a perfectly cool and impartial process of scientific observation. Hence the average mother can hardly be expected to do more than barely to tolerate this encroaching of experiment into the hallowed retreat of the nursery. Even in these days of rapid modification of what used to be thought unalterable sexual characters one may be bold enough to hazard the prophecy that women who have had scientific training will, if they happen to become mothers, hardly be disposed to give their minds at the very outset to the rather dry and teasing work, say, of making an accurate scientific inven-

tory of the several modes of infantile sense-capacity, and the alterations in these from day to day.

It is for the coarser-fibred man, then, to undertake much of the earlier experimental work in the investigation of child-nature. And if fathers will duly qualify themselves they will probably find that permission will, little by little, be given them to carry out investigations, short, of course, of anything that looks distinctly dangerous to the little creature's comfort.

At the same time it is evident that a complete series of observations of the infant can hardly be carried out by a man alone. It is for the mother or some other woman with a pass-key to the nursery, with her frequent and prolonged opportunity of observation, to do most of the work of a careful and methodical registering of mental progress. Hence the importance of enlisting the mother, or her female representative, as collaborateur, or at least as assistant. Thus, supposing the father is bent on ascertaining the exact dates and the order of appearance of the different articulate sounds, which is rather a subject of passive observation than of active experiment, he will be almost compelled to call in the aid of one who has the considerable advantage of passing a good part of each day near the child.¹

As the small thing grows and its nervous system becomes more stable and robust, more in the way of research may of course safely be attempted. In this higher stage the work of observation will be less simple and involve more of special psychological knowledge. It is a comparatively easy thing to say whether the sudden approach of an object to the eye of a baby a week

¹ The great advantage which the female observer of the infant mind has over her male competitor is clearly illustrated in some recent studies of childhood by American women. I would especially call attention to a study by Miss M. W. Shinn, of the University of California, "Notes on the Development of a Child" (the writer's niece), where the minute and painstaking record (*e.g.*, of the child's color-discrimination and visual space-exploration) points to the ample opportunity of observation which comes more readily to women.

or so old calls forth the reflex known as blinking; it is a much more difficult thing to say what are the preferences of a child of twelve months in the matter of simple forms, or even colors.

The problem of the order of development of the color-sense in children looks at first easy enough. Any mother, it may be thought, can say which colors the child first recognizes by naming them when seen, or picking them out when another names them. Yet, simple as it looks, the problem is in reality anything but simple. Professor Preyer went to work methodically with his little boy of two years in order to see in what order he would discriminate colors. Two colors, red and green, were first shown, the name added to each, and the child was asked, "Which is red?" "Which is green?" Then other colors were added and the experiments repeated. According to these researches, this particular child first acquired a clear discriminative awareness of yellow. Preyer's results have not, however, been confirmed by other investigators, as M. Binet of Paris, who followed a similar method of inquiry. Thus, according to Binet, it is not yellow but blue which carries the day in the competition for the child's preferential recognition. What, it may be asked, is the explanation of this? Is it that children differ in the mode of development of their color-sensibility to this extent, or can it be that there is some fault in the method of investigation?

It has been recently suggested that the mode of testing color-discrimination by naming is open to the objection that a child may get hold of one name-sound as "red" more easily than another as "green," and that this would facilitate the recognition of the former. If in this way the recognition of a named color is aided by the retention of its name, we must get rid of this disturbing element of sound. Accordingly, new methods of experiment have been attempted in France and America. Thus Professor Baldwin investigates the matter by placing pairs of colors opposite the child and noting which is

most frequently reached out to. He has tabulated the results of a number of repetitions of this simple way of testing childish preference, and agrees with Binet that blue comes in for the first place in the child's discriminative recognition. It is, however, easy to see that this method has its own characteristic defects. Thus, to begin with, it evidently does not directly test a child's ability to distinguish colors, but only his preferential liking for or interest in colors. And even as a test of selective preference it is very liable to be misapplied. Thus, supposing that the two colors are not equally bright, then the child will grasp at one rather than at the other because it is a brighter object, and not because it is of a particular color. Again, if one color fall more into the first and fresh period of the exercise when the child is observant and eager to seize, whereas another falls more into the second period when he is tired and disinclined to respond, the results will, it is evident, give too much value to the former. Similarly, if one color were brought in at longer intervals of time than another it would have more attractive force as introducing an element of novelty.

Enough has been said to show how very delicate a problem we have here to deal with. And if scientific men are still engaged in settling the point how the problem can be best dealt with, it seems hopeless for the amateur to dabble in the matter.

I have purposely chosen a problem of peculiar complexity and delicacy in order to illustrate the importance of that training which makes the mental eye of the observer quick to analyze the phenomenon to be dealt with so as to take in all its conditions. Yet there are many parts of this work of observing the child-mind which do not make so heavy a demand on technical ability, but can be done by any intelligent observer prepared for the task by a reasonable amount of psychological study. I refer more particularly to that rich and highly interesting field of exploration which opens up when the child begins to talk. It is in the spontaneous

utterances of children, their first quaint uses of words, that we can best watch the play of the instinctive tendencies of thought. Children's talk is always valuable to a psychologist, and for my part I would be glad of as many anecdotal records of their sayings as I could collect.

Here, then, there seems to be room for a relatively simple and unskilled kind of observing work. Yet it would be a mistake to suppose that even this branch of child-observation requires nothing but ordinary intelligence. The saying which it is so easy to report has had its history, and the observer who knows something of psychology will look out for facts, that is to say, experiences of the child, or suggestions made by others' words, which throw light on the saying. No fact is really quite simple, and the reason why some facts look so simple is that the observer does not include in his view all the connections of the occurrence which he is inspecting. The unskilled observer of children is apt to send scraps, fragments of facts, which have not their natural setting. The value of psychological training is that it makes one as jealously mindful of wholeness in facts as a housewife of wholeness in her porcelain. It is, indeed, only when the whole fact is before us, in well-defined contour, that we can begin to deal with its meaning. Hence, though those ignorant of psychology may assist us in this region of fact-finding, they can never accomplish that completer and exacter kind of observation which we dignify by the name scientific.¹

One may conclude, then, that women are likely to become valuable laborers in this new field of investigation, pro-

vided that they acquire a genuine scientific interest in babyhood and a fair amount of scientific training. That a large number of women will get so far is, I think, doubtful; the sentimental or æsthetic attraction of the baby is apt to be a serious obstacle to a cold matter-of-fact examination of it as a scientific specimen. The natural delight of a mother in every new exhibition of infantile cleverness is liable to blind her to the exceedingly modest significance of the child's performances as seen from the scientific point of view. Yet, as I have hinted, this very fondness for infantile ways may, if only the scientific caution is added, prove a valuable excitant to close and patient study. And so, perhaps, one may say that if ever those small helpless beings, whom Rousseau thought to be about the most misunderstood things in creation, come to be properly understood of their elders, it is women who will contribute most to this desirable result.

I have assumed here that what is wanted is careful study of individual children as they may be got at in the nursery. And these records of individual children, after the pattern of Professor Preyer's monograph, are, I think, our greatest need. We are wont to talk rather too glibly about that abstraction, "the child," as if all children rigorously corresponded to one pattern, of which pattern we have a perfect knowledge. Mothers at least know that this is not so. Children of the same family will be found to differ very widely (within the comparatively narrow field of child-traits), as, for example, in respect of practical matter-of-factness, of fancifulness, of inquisitiveness, and so forth. Thus, while it is probably true that most children at a certain age are greedy of "the pleasures of imagination," nature, in her well-known dislike of monotony, has taken care to make a few of them decidedly unimaginative. We need to know much more about these variations; and what will best help us here is a number of careful records of infant

¹ Since writing the above I have had my opinion strongly confirmed by reading a record of sayings of children carried out by women students in an American Normal College. (*Thoughts and Reasonings of Children*, classified by H. W. Brown, teacher of psychology in State Normal School, Worcester, Mass., with Introduction by E. H. Russell, principal. Reprinted from "Pedagogical Seminary.") Many of the quaint sayings noted down lose much of their psychological point from our complete ignorance of the child's home experience, companionships, and school training.

progress, embracing examples not only of different sexes and temperaments, but also of different social conditions and nationalities. When we have such a collection of monographs, we shall be in a much better position to fill out the hazy outline of our abstract conception of childhood with definite and characteristic lineaments.

At the same time I am willing to allow that other modes of observation are possible and in their way useful. This applies to older children who pass into the collective existence of the school-class. Here the teacher may take up the work of child-observation by carrying out a statistical inquiry into the more important traits of the young mind. Investigations like those carried out in Berlin, Boston, and elsewhere, into the "contents" of the minds of children on entering the elementary school, that is to say, their knowledge, or rather ignorance, of common things, have their special practical value as an unprepared-for entrance examination, and are of psychological interest as well. Such lines of statistical inquiry might no doubt be further developed and possibly systematized into something like a methodical registration of the successive stages in the normal child's mental development. For much of this statistical observation, however, *e.g.*, careful measurements of sense-capacity and memory-power, special methods are required, as well as carefully devised systems of tests, such as those provided by Mr. Francis Galton.

These observations of the child-mind on a large scale would of course be of peculiar practical interest to the teacher as telling him what sort of a mind he is likely to have to deal with. Yet even from the practical point of view statistical records are not enough. The rich diversity of child-nature makes it imperative that the teacher should study his pupils as new individuals, so as to know their characteristic tendencies and lackings of tendency. And from a non-practical point of view such a study of the individual is likely to be more interesting and instructive through its greater ful-

ness and life-likeness. So that I cannot refrain in closing this paper from expressing the wish that in these days of literary collaboration some duly qualified mother, aided by a quick-eyed and sympathetic young teacher, may soon give us the history of a child's mind. For this it is not needful to go in search of a highly gifted or a preternaturally comic specimen. The quite commonplace child has a mind which is well worth depicting if only the artist's hand is directed by a perfect knowledge of his subject.

JAMES SULLY.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

AN AFFECTIONATE SON.

The name on the card was Maddox, but at the first sound of his voice I recognized the man shown into the office as Sydney Carstairs. He didn't notice me; he was too eager to get audience of Mr. Maciver, who managed the firm's advertising. We do a good deal in that way, and I've no doubt that Maddox's card had been sent up a good many times before our Mr. Maciver would grant an interview. So I leaned back and listened while my old schoolfellow let loose the flood of his eloquence.

"*The Lamp of Truth*," he said, "is a publication which is of almost unique value to such a firm as yours. We have only just begun, but we have a great future before us. We spare no expense to make our paper attractive to readers in all parts of the country. We have a weekly sermon by the Rev. T. Baggs Calshott, the famous preacher of the Balls Pond Tabernacle; Lucy Markham, the well-known novelist, writes a serial story for us, and we have each week a poetical contribution from Catherine Herbert, the talented authoress of the 'Rainbow of Hope.' With these attractions we shall go in hundreds of thousands of Christian households throughout the land, and shall form a simply unrivalled medium for such high-class advertisers as yourselves."

Our Mr. Maciver turned an amused face towards me. I knew very well that Mr. Maddox had been admitted in order that I might have an object-lesson. I was new to the business, and had to be taught all branches of it. So he stopped the full tide of Mr. Maddox's eloquence by the remorseless question: "What present circulation do you guarantee?"

While poor Sydney was delivering himself of an entirely evasive reply I had time to observe him closely. He was the last man I should ever have expected to see figuring as an advertising canvasser, and I knew already enough of these people to see that my old friend belonged distinctly to the lower varieties of that interesting genus. His hat alone was enough to show the hardest pinch of poverty. He had been such a dandy at Oxford!

Mr. Maciver had tossed the *Lamp of Truth* contemptuously aside, but Carstairs tried a second chance.

"The *Footlights*," he said, speaking as fast as he could, for fear he might not be allowed to finish, "has a splendid circulation, not only with the profession, but also among the large and increasing class who are deeply interested in the drama. Actors are especially fond of savory additions to their dishes. There are some, I believe, who almost live upon pickles, and as a medium for your unrivalled products—"

But our Mr. Maciver had amused himself enough, and signified pretty plainly that there was no business to be done and that Sydney might retire. The poor man's briskness vanished. He seemed, as it were, to resume a look of settled disappointment as he slowly turned to the door.

"Dormy," I called out, "dear me, Dormy—'Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.'"

Sydney Carstairs had once made this particular false quantity, and so earned himself more than one nickname.

He looked round at the sound of the old appellation, and saw me. He turned very red and let fall the papers he was carrying.

"Mr. Maciver," I said, "this is an old friend of mine; we must do something for him. Something good. A whole page and a series, you know."

Mr. Maciver looked rather disgusted at this unbusinesslike procedure, but commenced an examination of the two journals.

Sydney, meanwhile, seemed very awkward and ill at ease, and assured me several times that he had not expected to see me; that he did not know that I took an active interest in the business, and so on.

He approved faintly of the choice Mr. Maciver had made, which preferred the *Footlights* to the *Lamp of Truth*.

"Neither is a really good medium," Sydney said, with sudden frankness, "but you are doing it to oblige me, and the *Lamp of Truth* expects the heaviest lying;" and he departed, looking several degrees less unhappy, but not before I had arranged to meet him again.

A day or two later Sydney dined with me, and we talked for a long time over old days and old friends. It was at my place in the country, and we sat out of doors after dinner and smoked. As the twilight deepened Sydney became more confidential and a little more cheerful.

"I dare say," he said, "you were surprised enough to see me trotting round to tout for advertisements. It is not a grand position for a banker's son. But I dare say you know the bank failed and my father died suddenly, and there was nothing left for me. I had been called to the bar, but had never seen a brief, and did not even expect to see one. I tried journalism—tried very hard, very hard indeed—but I suppose I wasn't clever enough; at any rate, I could not make it pay, and so I drifted into what I'm doing now. Sometimes I don't do so badly." Sydney was silent, and I quite understood that those times did not come very often.

"I'm awfully obliged to you," he burst out again, "for helping me. An order from a firm like yours is worth something. I've shown it all round, and I've got Condensed Cocoa on the

strength of it, and I've half a promise from Black's, the soap people. Why, when I went back to *Footlights'* office with your order in my hand, they nearly fell on my neck for joy."

To change the subject I turned back to the old days, and reminded Carstairs of a school holiday I had spent at his father's house.

"I had a very jolly time of it," I said. "I used to ride races across your father's park with your sister Mabel, and once her horse ran away, and your mother was terribly frightened."

Carstairs sighed. "Poor Mab is dead, and the park was sold for building sites." Then he added as an afterthought, "But wouldn't you like to go down and see my mother some time? She is living at Kew. When the crash came and all our furniture was sold, we saved enough to furnish a tiny cottage. There was a little money settled on her, and she manages on that. There's a young lady who lives with her. The dining-room will just seat four, and my mother has often asked me to bring a friend, and, as a rule, I haven't any one. The friends I have now are not exactly *salonfähig*, as they say in Germany. My mother would be sure to recognize you."

Sydney's prediction was completely fulfilled when I went down with him a week later to the tiny cottage he had spoken of. Mrs. Carstairs recognized me at once, and reminded me of several things which had happened during my stay at her house. But I certainly should not have known her again, though I had a clear mental image of the lady I had known before. But time had not dealt gently with Mrs. Carstairs; the comely, cheerful matron of my remembrance had become an old lady with furrowed cheeks, bent shoulders, and white hair. The only other guest was a young lady whom Mrs. Carstairs called Lucy, and Sydney, Miss Hilton. She was quite a pretty young lady, not in her first youth, and I divined at once that Mrs. Carstairs had formed plans in which her son and Miss Hilton were greatly interested. Sydney looked very different from the

shabby being who had been so exceedingly deferential to our clerk. His dress-clothes were faultless, and he had an orchid in his buttonhole. He expressed himself with considerable decision on many points, and I noticed that the younger as well as the elder lady listened to what he said with a great deal of attention. Mrs. Carstairs contrived that a good deal of her son's conversation was directed to Miss Hilton, and after dinner she manœuvred them both into the little patch of garden, while she sat in the verandah and talked to me. I suppose Carstairs had foreseen this, and had guessed what would be the subject of his mother's conversation, for on the way down he had given me a caution.

"My mother," he had said, with some confusion, "isn't aware at all of what I am doing for a living. I've told her that I am connected with the press, and she hasn't any idea of the precise nature of the connection. Please don't enlighten her."

So I was not altogether surprised when Mrs. Carstairs asked me if I had ever had any connection with journalism. The negative reply that was expected served as a starting-point for the proud mother.

"Sydney writes a great deal, I believe," she said; "in fact, it's his only real occupation. His practice at the bar amounts to nothing. He has never told you, I suppose, the papers that he's connected with?"

"I have never heard him allude to himself as contributor to any particular organ," I replied; "but then, you know, I have hardly seen him for a great many years."

"It would be all the same, I expect, if you had seen him every day," the old lady returned very quickly. "Sydney is very reticent about press matters, though he's frankness itself in other things. And I suppose he is quite right to be discreet. He always says that the anonymity of writers for the daily or weekly press ought to be most carefully maintained. We can never get him to admit the authorship of a single article. For a long time we didn't even

know what paper he was permanently connected with."

"But you know now?" I queried.

"Yes; we found it out by accident—Miss Hilton and myself. We had been talking politics one evening, and the next day we found everything we had said in a leader—much better expressed, of course—and when we taxed him with having written the article, he couldn't deny it. And do you know what paper it was?"

I shook my head.

"The *Times*," said the old lady impressively. "And now we've got so far that we can tell which articles are his. Sometimes there isn't anything by him, and then, you know, I think the paper is very dull," she added, with a little laugh.

"How do you tell your son's writing?" I asked.

"Oh," she replied, "there are a lot of little signs that we know. There are certain words he is very fond of using, and, and—I can't explain it, but there are lots of little things. Lucy and I always read the paper, and we each of us settle in our mind which is his, and in almost every case when we come to compare notes we find we agree perfectly. So you see," she concluded, with a lively nod. She was silent for a few moments, watching the two who were pacing about in the little garden, but she soon returned to the subject.

"It's a great responsibility," she said, "to write for a journal like the *Times*, and I am sure my son feels it. Sometimes he seems quite absent-minded, and—and almost as if he had too much to think of. And sometimes he doesn't come down to see us for weeks and weeks. He is too busy, he says."

Mrs. Carstairs then began to question me about myself, but the fact that I had been married only a few months before rolled the conversation back to the favorite topic.

"I wish Sydney would marry," she said; "but he always tells me that he hasn't time, and doesn't like being pressed on the subject."

The return of the pair from outside

made the conversation general, and before very long Carstairs declared that he was obliged to leave. We drove back together in a hansom. Carstairs was silent and depressed. He seemed to be relapsing into the weary mood of the underpaid drudge.

"Did my mother say much about me?" he inquired timidly.

I told him the substance of the conversation. "She thinks that you write for the *Times*," I said.

He shook his head sadly. "And I let her think so—in fact, I've encouraged the idea. Poor soul! if she saw me going about my work day after day, waiting for hours in offices, hanging round doors, in the hope of getting a word in with the big man as he comes out, and not only with firms like yours, but with small people—dirty, greasy, illiterate tradespeople, who, all the same, look down on me and snub me at times, and are offensively familiar at others—if she saw this going on when she thinks I am meditating on deep affairs of state, I am afraid it would almost break her heart. I lead a dog's life, and my worst fear is that my mother may come to know of it. You may think it is very wrong of me to let her deceive herself so, but I can't help it."

"Wouldn't it be better to let her know how things are?" I asked.

"I can't tell her the truth; I can't tell her that I'm deep down in the mud and that I shall always stick there. It's not my fault," he went on, in passionate tones, "that I am where I am! I tried my best. I worked early and late, and covered reams of paper, but 'twas all of no use. I was determined to do something for my poor mother—to give her some of the luxuries which she was always used to. I meant to do a great deal, and I've done just nothing—absolutely nothing. I am too miserably poor to help her in any way. The only pleasure I can give her is to let her think that I am prosperous and happy. And even that is hard. I can't manage at times to keep a decent coat to wear when I go down to see her."

He buried his face in his hands and

groaned audibly. I tried to cheer him up by the hope of brighter days, but he refused to be comforted. With an attempt at jocularly, I said:—

"You'll be lucky in time perhaps. A rich wife is being saved up for you somewhere."

He looked up suddenly. "Did my mother say anything about that?"

"She'd like you to be married," I said.

He sighed profoundly. "She wants me to marry Miss Hilton," he replied, "who will have some money by and by—not that she imagines I need it."

"Well," I said, "why don't you? She struck me as a very charming young lady, and evidently fond of you."

He was silent a few moments, and then said, in a low voice:—

"The fact is I am married already, and I have two small children to provide for. That's another secret I have to keep. My wife is not a lady—she doesn't even pretend to be."

My curiosity was excited, and I couldn't help showing it.

"She was a waitress," he said, "at a cheap restaurant in the City. Steak and kidney pudding for 7d.—that sort of thing. She was very pretty and quiet, and I was solitary. I had given up any hopes of succeeding at anything, and I fell in love with the waitress. I couldn't help it. It is not good for man to be alone, I suppose. At any rate, we are married; there are two children to look after, and there'll be another before long. My mother-in-law lives with us," he went on with an air of stolid resignation, "and looks after things. She is a good manageress, but her temper gets the better of her sometimes, and when I am unlucky and can't bring any money in, she—well, she doesn't do much to console me."

Before we parted I asked him if I could help him financially a little.

"You know," I said, "there's a profit on pickles, and we don't sell our jams at cost price. I can always spare a little money. Won't you let me help you now and then?"

He thanked me heartily, but declined the offer.

"I'll bear it in mind as a last re-

source," he said; "but I don't want to begin borrowing little sums. I should never be able to pay them back, and it might become a habit. Leave me what poor shreds of self-respect I have got left."

I had thought of doing something more than occasionally advancing small sums, but I saw he had misunderstood me, and I did not press my offer further. I determined to bear the matter in mind, and to see if I could find any better opening for my old schoolfellow. But nothing occurred for some time; I had plenty to think of, and the idea of helping Carstairs receded more and more into the background. But I got my wife to call at the cottage at Kew. She liked Mrs. Carstairs very much and took her and Miss Hilton sometimes for a drive through Richmond Park. They were invited, too, to some of the milder functions at our house. Mrs. Carstairs' conversation was always full of her son's supposed contributions to the *Times*. She showed us some of these, and claimed our admiration. One afternoon, after five-o'clock tea, she consulted me, in a carefully contrived tête-à-tête, as to the probable remuneration.

"Sydney does three or four leaders a week for the *Times*. What do you think they would pay him?" She looked at me inquiringly.

I disclaimed all knowledge, but thought 1,000*l.* a year would be something like it.

"That's what I should have said," the old lady rejoined, evidently pleased at my views concurring with her own. "And then, of course, Sydney writes for other papers. I've been thinking of this, because he has been very economical lately in one or two little things. Cabs, for example. He never comes in a cab, and even when it rains he won't let us send out to fetch one. He says he prefers the railways. And once, when I knew the train he was coming by and met him at the station, I actually saw him get out of a third-class carriage—fancy that for Sydney!—a carriage full of the most dreadful-

looking people. Now you know he wouldn't have done that without some reason. Can you guess what that was?" and she looked me right in the face with a smile on her lips.

I could guess easily enough, but it was not my duty to shatter the dear old lady's illusions. So I murmured vaguely something about the democratic tendencies of the age—many people of the best position always travelled third class; one or two peers, I had been told, always did so, etc.

"Or perhaps," I suggested, as an afterthought, "he was studying the manners and customs of the working classes, preparatory to writing some article?"

I felt rather ashamed of the plausibility of this suggestion. Mrs. Carstairs shook her head in vigorous dissent.

"No," she said; "Sydney doesn't condescend to that style of journalism. Politics—*la haute politique*—and literature form his department. And the democratic tendencies of the age are not the reason either. Sydney isn't democratic any more than I am. Quite the reverse. There's one bit of Latin that I know because I've heard him quote it so often when he was a young man—*Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo*. I know that's in Horace, and I know what it means. No, I'm sure that it is for a special motive that he has become so penurious lately. He wants to save money for some very particular purpose, and I know what that purpose is."

I was evidently expected to be curious, and I satisfied expectation.

"I can speak to you," the old lady went on—"speak to you as an old friend. You know, when the creditors came down on us and things were sold, there were dividends paid. I don't know exactly how many, or what they amounted to, but I am afraid they didn't come to twenty shillings in the pound. And that's what Sydney's saving for—to pay everybody everything. I am sure of it. When the crash came I remember his telling me that that was what he was going to

do. He's never said anything about it since, and I had quite forgotten all about it, and I was puzzled by his penuriousness, till all of a sudden I remembered what he had said, and then everything was clear. I knew that he was patiently accumulating till he had got quite enough to pay off everything with interest—I'm sure he'd want to pay interest as well—and then he'd come forward, and call the creditors and pay off everything, and then come to me and say: 'Mother, I've cleared our good name from all reproach. Now I am a free man, and I can marry the girl of my choice'"—and she looked across to Miss Hilton, who was chatting with my wife at a little distance. "And I think you will find," she went on, dropping her voice to a whisper, "that it won't be very long before all this takes place. I have reasons for thinking so."

I was weak enough to say something indefinite about this paying off of old debts being very rare. "And it's very noble conduct," I said, "but—"

"You think it a little quixotic," the old lady replied quickly; "perhaps I do, too. But there would be no use trying to persuade Sydney—he couldn't be got to take the business view of the subject."

Our tête-à-tête was interrupted, and the theme of conversation changed. But before we left the old lady pressed me very earnestly to dine at Kew on a certain date she named.

"It's my birthday, you know," she said, "and Sydney is sure to be there. We haven't seen him for a long time—we can hardly expect to see much of him now that a general election is going on, but I'm sure he'll be there then. He has never missed my birthday yet."

I promised to be of the party, and the evident pleasure which my acceptance gave was painfully significant. I could see that the old lady was quite sure in her own mind that that evening was the time fixed for the scene which was to mark the triumphant issue of her son's strange lapse into penuriousness.

Only the day before the evening of

the dinner Carstairs called at our offices, and contrived, not without difficulty, to get admitted to my sanctum. He looked even shabbier than he had done when I saw him first. Things were going very badly with him, he said. The *Footlights* had been sold to a man who did his own canvassing, and the *Lamp of Truth* had gone out entirely.

"Condensed Cocoa gave them a short order," Carstairs said, "and when that came to an end the paper died. But I haven't come to talk about that," he added, after a short pause, "but to ask you to lend me a few pounds. I know I refused when you offered before, but perhaps you won't mind that."

"Of course not," I said. "Dear me, Dormy, don't make a fuss about a trifle."

"It's for to-morrow's dinner," he said. "I've always kept up my mother's birthday. I always managed it all right, but this year I can't. My dress-suit isn't—isn't available, and I want to take a few flowers and some little trifle."

He named a small sum, and I handed over the money.

"I don't know when I'll pay you back," he said; "perhaps never, for things are getting worse and worse with me."

I met him the next day at the station at Kew. He was irreproachably attired, and carried a big bouquet of choice flowers. His looks were gloomy.

"I don't know," he said, "if this was all to be done over again whether I would do it. But I've kept up appearances so long that I must go on doing so to the end. It would be cruel to undeceive my poor mother now."

He shook off all outward signs of depression before he reached the house, and responded warmly to his mother's effusive welcome. He talked a good deal during dinner, and interested the ladies with gossip of the great world, gained as I guessed by a careful preliminary perusal of the society journals. Mention was made of the approaching marriage of an ex-cabinet

minister, and the ladies were curious about the bride.

"Is she so very good-looking?" Mrs. Carstairs asked. "You've seen her scores of times, of course?"

"Not lately," Sydney said, with a hurried glance at me. Then he added, "But she was quite the belle of last season."

Mrs. Carstairs looked gravely at her son. "You mustn't let yourself drop out of society," she said, "not even for a general election."

After dinner the evening was very warm, and we sat out in the little garden. After a time music was suggested, and Miss Hilton agreed to play a sonatina.

"It's your favorite, Sydney," his mother said, "and you must turn over the leaves, and we'll stay out here and have a little chat."

As soon as the other two had passed into the drawing-room Mrs. Carstairs opened fire on me with:—

"Wasn't it a beautiful bouquet that Sydney brought me? It must have cost a great deal," and she looked at me significantly. I knew what was passing in her mind. She meant to say, "The self-imposed task is over, the period of penury is gone, and the revelation will soon be made."

I was so sure that this was passing in her mind that I hastened to change the subject. But she soon got back to the favorite topic.

"Don't you think poor Sydney looks a little fatigued?" and without waiting for a reply she went on: "He has had to work so hard, you know. But what a triumph it is for him to have overthrown the government! It is really he who has done it, you know. Everybody says it is all due to the *Times*. But I hope there won't be another general election just yet."

I acquiesced vaguely in the wish.

"You know," she went on, "when Sydney was a boy, and did so well at school, I used to be very ambitious for him. I used to think he would enter Parliament like his father, and that he might win a great position there—

"The applause of listening senates to command," you know—all that sort of thing, and it was a great disappointment to me when that was all put aside. But now I ask you, isn't the journalist, who, by the mere force of his pen, can mould public opinion, who can remain unknown, or at least almost unknown, and can overturn one ministry and dictate a policy to another—isn't that man much greater than a mere member of Parliament, who is expected to vote as he is told? How many of our public men are there whose influence is half as great as Sydney's?"

Mrs. Carstairs spoke vehemently, her eyes flashed, a tinge of pale pink colored her thin, worn cheeks.

We were interrupted by a disturbance in the drawing-room. The sonatina had ceased, and there was the sound of loud, angry voices. We found two unexpected visitors. One was a stoutish woman with a red face, apparently about fifty; the other was about half that age, and with a very fair share of good looks, in spite of evident signs of weakness and indifferent health. She carried a diminutive baby. Both were shabbily dressed, though the younger woman had made some ineffectual attempts at finery. The elder woman was brandishing Sydney's bouquet and screaming wildly at Miss Hilton.

"What 'ave you got to do with another woman's 'usband, I'd like to know. Sixteen shillings and sixpence he give for them flowers. I seen him. Sixteen shillings and sixpence, and his poor children crying because they haven't had enough to eat, poor little dears, and his lawful wife as he promised to love and cherish hardly able to stand with her baby not six weeks old, and not a penny has he brought into the home for the last month, and I may toil and mool, and he can dress himself up as if he was the lord of the land, and chuck his money away as if his pockets were stuffed with bank-notes—him that can't earn ten shillings a week, and can't find nobody to trust him with half-a-crown!

Him a canvasser, indeed! Why, he had much better stop in the shop than wear out his boot-leather when he can't do nothing a'cause of his being so shabby. Why, they turn him out of any respectable place. And my daughter, as might have married a plumber's young man who has now got a shop of his own, and makes his four pound a week regular!"

This is only a sample of the lady's oratory. She said a good deal more, while the younger woman sat down and attended to the claims of the baby, who had begun to cry.

We all remained speechless while the tirade was being delivered. Miss Hilton, very pale, stood clutching the piano, and gazing alternately, now at Sydney, and now at the woman with the baby. Mrs. Carstairs stood in wide-eyed astonishment, not comprehending the scene or what she was hearing.

"Sydney," she said at last, turning to her son, "what does this mean? Who are these people?"

He had been standing motionless with downcast head, but at his mother's appeal he came forward, and with an air of forced calmness said:—

"Mother, this lady is my mother-in-law, Mrs. Thompson, and this is my wife, and this is my youngest child. There are two others. Your ideas about me need some slight correction. I don't write for the *Times*, nor for anything else. It is true that I am connected with the press, but I am only a canvasser, and a canvasser for some of the poorest and meanest papers that ever were printed. On the whole, I am a little superior in rank to the men whom you see carrying boards in the streets. I earn very little money, and sometimes none at all. I couldn't get on without Mrs. Thompson, who has just been expressing her views so powerfully, though perhaps a trifle incoherently. She keeps a shop, where we sell bottles of lemonade and sweets and marbles and penny newspapers. And sometimes we do badly, and then we don't have enough to eat, and sometimes we do better, and then we have shrimps for tea. And, mother—"

He stopped; a sort of spasm seemed to check his utterance and to run like a wave through his whole body. Then crying:—

"My God! my God! I can't bear it!" he fell on the sofa and buried his head in the cushions. The poor mother tottered to his side.

"My poor Sydney!" she said softly, "my poor, poor boy!"

Miss Hilton was the next to speak.

"Don't you think," she said, turning to me, "that there are too many of us here? Perhaps Mrs. Thompson and the new Mrs. Carstairs would like to retire."

Mrs. Thompson followed her daughter out of the drawing-room, but her tongue was not to be silenced. She felt bound to explain the order of events; she had seen the address on a letter her son-in-law had written; she had watched, and had seen him go to a coffee-house and emerge in evening dress; she had followed him to Covent Garden, and witnessed the purchase of the bouquet, and then she had gone home and shut up the shop, and had come down by train, bringing her daughter with her. She expressed her determination to take Sydney back with her, but a bank-note astonished her into silence and compliance with my views, which were that she should leave at once. An empty cab happened to be passing and received the party. But before that Miss Hilton had a short colloquy with Sydney's wife.

"So," she said, in a harsh tone, "you are his wife, and that's his baby! Does he ever beat you, I wonder?"

The woman looked astonished.

"Oh no, miss!" she said; "he's a good 'usband, and he does what he can when he has the means. Only, I don't hold with him buying flowers when his children haven't got enough to eat."

"I don't believe he's a good husband," Miss Hilton replied. "He's a treacherous coward. But if he beats you, you deserve it. It is you that keep him down in the gutter—you and your parcel of babies."

The poor woman was frightened at the young lady's violent tone, and shrank away in a corner of the cab. But she was unwilling to leave without her husband, and Mrs. Thompson took the same view of the position. They had, however, grasped the fact that Sydney was with his mother, and they were persuaded to drive off. After the sound of the wheels had died away Miss Hilton, with a hasty good-night, rushed off to her own room. When I got back to the drawing-room Sydney hadn't moved from the sofa. The failure of the well-meant efforts at deception which he had maintained so long was the cruellest blow fortune had dealt him, and it broke him down completely. He was sobbing like a child, his mother, sitting by his side, was trying to comfort him, in the same way that she had soothed his infant troubles, with tender caresses and only half-articulate words. She waved me a mute farewell with her disengaged hand, and I left the house.

I never saw her again. My wife called twice at the little cottage at Kew, but the mistress was not to be seen. A third visit after some lapse of time found the house untenanted and empty, and inquiries in the neighborhood elicited nothing.

But nearly two years later I was introduced to a Mrs. Malcolm, a newly married lady, in whom I recognized the former Miss Hilton. From her I learned that Mrs. Carstairs had been dead for some time.

"She never got over that night," the young lady said; "all her life clung round those illusions as to her son's career, and the revelation killed her. She tried to put a good face on the matter; she went over to see the children once or twice, and when the baby had measles the two grandmothers made a great fuss about him, and became almost friendly. But she could never really reconcile herself to the state of things; the little shop where they sold lemonade and sweets and horrible little papers, and Sydney, shabby, penniless, almost despairing—

all this was too much for her. She died. Pneumonia the medical certificate called it."

Mrs. Malcolm was silent for a few moments, and then began again:—

"Do you think you will ever see Sydney again—Mr. Carstairs, I should say?"

I expressed my doubts.

"If you do," Mrs. Malcolm said, "give him a message from me." She hesitated, and looked down. "You know there were two of us who had illusions. Tell him I forgive him, and wish him well."

Mrs. Malcolm's message had to wait nearly three years to get delivered. Then one day I had a visit from Carstairs. He came to repay me the 10*l.* he had borrowed for his mother's birthday dinner, and explained why he had not seen me before.

"I've been living in the Midlands, and then I wanted to come with the money in my hand."

I gave Mrs. Malcolm's message, but I could see that the mischief he had done in deceiving that lady had never occupied a prominent position in his thoughts.

"Then you know of my mother's death?" he said. "It was sudden at the last, and I suppose it was what people would call a happy release. There was nothing for her to live for when I had turned out a failure. Her mind was a little disturbed some weeks before she died, and there were times when she seemed to forget all about that terrible evening, and to think of me in the old way. Then she died, and it was I who killed her."

He was silent for a moment and then said: "It's the saddest thing in life that some men seem doomed to break the hearts of those they love best."

To change the dolorous direction of his thoughts I asked if he was doing better in business.

"Yes," he replied gravely, "things are not so bad as they were. I work for a good paper and get a regular salary. I secured Condensed Cocoa and two of the soap people. We are not so poor as we were; mother left us all she could

leave, and it makes things easier, and Mrs. Thompson is really very good now. My eldest daughter too is a great comfort; we are all so proud of her, she is so good and does so well at school."

Since that interview I have never seen Carstairs to speak to, or heard of him. But I caught sight of him once coming out of the Charing Cross Station; he looked grey and bent—premature old age had plainly set its mark upon him. A very sweet-looking child of about eleven years of age was with him. They had evidently had a day in the country together, for his boots were dusty, and she held in one hand a bunch of wild flowers; the other hand clasped his, and as I watched them slowly crossing Trafalgar Square I was pleased to think that Destiny, which had meted out such hard measure to my old schoolfellow, had sent consolation for his latter years in the guise of that graceful child.

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OLIVER CROMWELL AS A SOLDIER.

BY MAJOR BALDOCK, R.A.

The history of the life and times of Oliver Cromwell has been written and re-written so often and from so many different points of view, that its student would anticipate no difficulty in studying any phase of his wonderful career.

Yet for the soldier who wishes to study Cromwell simply as a soldier, without troubling himself about his religious opinions or political actions, the task is not so easy. Ample information no doubt exists, but it is much mixed with irrelevant matter. Almost all the works usually accessible are works of general history, biographies, or political essays. In the latter the plans and deeds of the soldier are treated merely from their political aspect, whilst in the two former, although the campaigns and battles are described, their story is so interwoven with the thread of political history that their continuity is lost. Even Gardiner's admirable history, which not

only fully describes, but also contains excellent maps and plans of, the campaigns and battles, is necessarily so much interspersed with the history of interminable treaties and political intrigues that it is difficult for the soldier to pick out what is necessary for the clear comprehension of the campaigns and actions in which Cromwell took part, and what to reject as superfluous. Only one writer of modern times, the German, Captain Fritz Hoenig, has attempted to treat Cromwell's life from a purely soldier's point of view, and his work is not well known in England, nor do I know whether it has ever been translated.

Yet Cromwell's life is well worth the most careful study by the soldier, especially the English soldier.

A civilian till he reached the age of forty-one, untrained in the art of war, pitted often against officers educated in the school of the great Gustavus Adolphus, not only was Cromwell always victorious, but in a few years he had re-organized the composition of armies and altered the whole system of tactics, especially in the cavalry.

No man ever possessed a greater genius for war than Oliver Cromwell, and yet but for the accident of the times in which he lived it might have always lain dormant, for until compelled to take a part in the civil dissensions of his country, he appears to have had no inclination for a soldier's life, or no consciousness of his great talents as a leader of men. The study of Cromwell's campaigns brings us also into our own country, into the lanes, orchards, and enclosures of Newbury, on to the open commons and moorland at Marston, and into the stubbles and pastures of the Midland counties at Naseby.

Our modern tactics are principally the outcome of experience gained on the battlefields of France, Belgium, and Germany, that is, in battles fought in open country with wide-rolling features, straight paved roads, and fields uninclosed with hedges. Surely it is well to study such campaigns as have been fought in our own country with

its twisting roads, tall hedges, furze bushes, and rabbit holes. The tactics that are appropriate and right when used on the open rolling ground of the great continental battlefields may be quite inappropriate in a struggle amidst deep narrow lanes, thick hedges, scattered hamlets, broken woods and commons of an ordinary English landscape.

It is with a hope of awaking the interest of soldiers in these and many other most instructive points which crop up in considering campaigns in England, that I venture to publish these few notes on Cromwell and his wars.

To cavalry officers especially is this study interesting. Cavalry has not altered so much in two hundred and fifty years that the study of the tactics of the greatest cavalry leader England perhaps ever possessed can be devoid of instruction. When the outbreak of the Civil War drove Cromwell to take up arms for the Parliament, cavalry was the predominant arm. The men wore breast and back pieces, and pots or helmets for defence, a heavy sword and horse-pistols for offence. They were usually raised in troops by the captains, who were usually men of some local standing, and several troops, generally those raised in the same town or county, were formed into a regiment under a colonel. On the field of battle several regiments formed a division, and were used as such and not independently in the action. Interspersed with the cavalry were dragoons who, it must be remembered, were purely mounted infantry, and intended to fight on foot and not on horseback. They were armed with carbine and short sword, and their action somewhat resembled that of modern horse artillery. When two bodies of hostile cavalry approached one another the dragoons moved rapidly to the front, dismounted, and attempted by their fire to interrupt the deployment of the enemy and cover that of their own cavalry.

The drill of the cavalry was very inferior, their movements were slow,

and in the *melée* they depended much on their pistols. Cromwell's report of the skirmish at Grantham, 13th May, 1643, gives an admirable picture of a cavalry engagement of that day. The numbers given are twenty-one colors of horse and three or four dragoons on the Royalist side, and twelve troops on that of the Parliament.

"After," writes Cromwell, "we had stood a little above musket-shot, the one body from the other, and the dragoons had fired on both sides for the space of half an hour or more, they not advancing, we agreed to charge them, and advancing the body after many shots on both sides, we came on with our troops a pretty round trot, they standing firm to receive us, and our men charging fiercely upon them. By God's providence they were immediately routed and ran all away, and we had the execution of them two or three miles."

A lucid word picture of just such a scene as Wouvermans painted again and again.

But already in this skirmish, the first in which we get a clear glimpse of Cromwell in battle, we can detect the early efforts of his unequalled military genius and the germ of that superb army which never fought but to conquer. If the movements are still slow and dilatory, the spirit of his troops is good and their discipline evidently superior to that of their foes. From the very commencement of the war Cromwell saw that an army to win battles must be something more than a mere collection of men drilled to perform certain evolutions. He saw that discipline is necessary, discipline of the highest order; not only the mere mechanical obedience to orders and regulations, but also that discipline of spirit which binds men together, teaches them mutual dependence and trust, how to bear misfortune with fortitude, and success with moderation.

"Your troops," said he to Hampden at the outbreak of the war, "are most of them old decayed serving-men and tapsters and such kind of fellows, and their troops are gentlemen's sons and

persons of quality. Do you think that the spirits of such base and mean fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen that have honor, and courage, and resolution in them. . . . You must get men of a spirit . . . that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will go, or else you will be beaten still." This spirit he sought for and found in the deep-seated honorable love of liberty which then pervaded the middle classes, rather than in the narrow but sincere religious enthusiasm which is generally supposed to have been the distinguishing attribute of his troops, and which certainly did exist among them to a large extent. Here is his own description of his regiment when a colonel in the forces of the Eastern Associated Counties: "I have a lovely company. You would respect them did you know them. No Anabaptists; they are honest, sober Christians; they expect to be used as men." Again, a writer in a newspaper of the times says:—

"As for Colonel Cromwell he hath two thousand brave men well disciplined. No man swears but he pays his twelve pence; if he be drunk, he is set in the stocks or worse. If one calls the other roundhead, he is cashiered, inasmuch that the countries where they come leap for joy of them, and come in and join with them. How happy it were if all the forces were thus disciplined."

With a leader and men imbued with this spirit little wonder that Cromwell's regiment made rapid progress in discipline and drill. No doubt too, as Cromwell's confidence in his men increased, he gave more rein to his natural aptitude for bold and rapid action in battle. Here is an extract from another of his letters, reporting the cavalry action at Gainsborough on the 28th July, 1643, but two and a half months after Grantham. There was no hesitation here, no delay after forming up, no waiting till the fire of the dragoons had begun to tell (indeed his own "dragoons" appear to have been roughly handled). The deployment is rapidly carried out over difficult ground, telling of well-

drilled, flexible troops. The charge, hampered by bad broken ground, is prompt and decisive, and a strong reserve is kept well in hand, which, used at the right moment, completes the utter overthrow of the Royalists. Note too the conduct of the retreat after Newcastle's main army is encountered beyond Gainsborough, and the skill with which the infantry, engaged in an unequal fight, is extricated and its retreat protected. The pace of the charge is, however, still slow, the drill of the troopers was probably not sufficiently perfect to enable them to keep knee to knee at the gallop, and it was evidently considered more important to preserve a close unbroken front than to add to the momentum of the charge by increasing the pace at the risk of losing cohesion. Consequently a good deal of firing of pistols and sword-play goes on before one side breaks through the other.

"About a mile and a half from the town we met a forlorn-hope of the enemy of near one hundred horse. Our dragoons labored to beat them back, but not alighting off their horses; the enemy charged them, and made them retire unto their main body. We advanced and came to the bottom of a steep hill. We could not well get up but by some tracks, which our men essaying to do, the body of the enemy endeavored to hinder; wherein we prevailed and got to the top of the hill. This was done by the Lincolnneers who had the vanguard.

"When we all recovered the top of the hill we saw a great body of the enemy's horse facing us, about a musket shot or less distance, and a good reserve of a full regiment of horse behind it. We endeavored to put our men into as good order as we could. The enemy in the mean time advanced towards us, to take us at disadvantage; but in such order as we were, we charged their great body, I having the right wing. We came up horse to horse, where we disputed it with our swords and pistols a pretty time, all keeping close order, so that one could not break the other. At last, they a little shrinking, our men

perceiving it, pressed in upon them and immediately routed the whole body, some flying on one side and others on the other of the enemy's reserves; and our men pursuing them, had chase and execution about five or six miles.

"I, perceiving this body which was the reserve standing still unbroken, kept back my major, Whalley, from the chase, and with my own troop and the other of my regiment, in all being three troops, we got into a body. In this reserve stood General Cavendish, who one while faced me, another while faced four of the Lincoln troops, which was all of ours which stood upon the place, the rest being engaged in the chase. At last General Cavendish charged the Lincolnneers and routed them. Immediately I fell on his rear with my three troops, which did so astonish him that he did give over the chase and would fain have delivered himself from me; but I, pressing on, forced¹ down a hill, having good execution of them, and below the hill drove the general with some of his soldiers into a quagmire, where my captain-lieutenant slew him with a thrust under his short ribs. The rest of the body was wholly routed, not one man staying on the place. After the defeat, which was so total, we relieved the town. . . . We had notice that there were six troops of horse and three hundred foot on the other side of the town; we desired some foot of my Lord Willoughby's—about four hundred—and with our horse and these foot marched towards them. . . . When we recovered the hill we saw in the bottom, about a quarter of a mile from us, a regiment of foot; after that another; after that the Marquis of Newcastle's own regiment, consisting in all of about fifty foot colors, and a great body of horse, which indeed was Newcastle's army, which, coming so unexpectedly, put us to new consultations. My Lord Willoughby and I being in the town agreed to call off our foot. I went to bring them off, but before I returned divers of the foot were engaged, the enemy advancing with his whole body.

¹ Carlyle inserts the word "them" here.

Our foot retreated in disorder, and with some loss got the town, where now they are. Our horse also came off with some trouble, being wearied with the long fight, and their horses tired, yet faced the enemy's fresh horse, and by several removes got off without the loss of one man, the enemy following the rear with a great body."

The above extracts sufficiently describe the action, and show the vast strides made both by leader and troops, in conduct, drill, and discipline, and all that makes troops victorious in battle. Those who wish to study the action closer, should read Cromwell's letter in full, and Carlyle's preface in his "Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell." Also an official report signed by Cromwell, Ayscoghe and Broxolme in the appendix.

Cromwell's troopers were now the backbone of the Parliamentary army and the dread of the Royalists. Their superiority in battle was confirmed by the cavalry action of Winaby, 11th October, 1643. Here Cromwell leading the van charges the Royalists as soon as his deployment is completed, pushes the charge home in spite of two volleys at close quarters by the enemy's dragoons, drives their main body in confusion on to their reserve, and his own main body coming up, he utterly routs them. The dragoons, having no time to remount, were all taken.

The next important action in which Cromwell's troopers took part, and of which any detailed record is easily available, was Marston Moor. Here Cromwell acted as commander of the horse in Manchester's army, which was employed with the Scots under Leven in besieging York, June, 1644. Rupert, having joined with Goring, had assembled a numerous army in the west, and having by a clever manœuvre relieved Newcastle in York, drew out with him to give the Roundheads battle. The armies met on the 2nd July on Marston Moor in the afternoon. They were about equal in numbers.

About five o'clock both armies were drawn up in order of battle, a large ditch intervening along a great part

of the front. They remained facing one another till 7 P.M., and Rupert and Newcastle, thinking there would be no fight that evening, had retired to dine and sleep in their coaches. Suddenly the Parliamentary forces moved forward to the attack. The battle which ensued was a desperate, confused struggle, the detailed accounts of which contradict one another on many points. On one point, however, all agree. Whilst Goring's Horse overthrew the combined Scotch and English cavalry on the right, and the Royalist foot in the centre repulsed the attack of their opponents, and pushed them fiercely in return, Cromwell, leading the left wing of the Parliamentary horse, charged Rupert's own famous troopers, put them to utter rout, and keeping his own squadrons well in hand, wheeled round and attacked the Royalist foot from the rear, scattering them completely, in spite of the most determined stand made by one or two regiments. Goring's troopers, as much broken by their victory as their opponents had been by their defeat, were unable to rally, and the whole Royalist army was swept in utter confusion from the field. It was the discipline of Cromwell's troopers, their fierceness in the charge, and their docility in manœuvre, combined with the admirable coolness of their leader amidst the tumult of a cavalry *melée*, which won the day for the Parliament, and turned the defeat of their foes into an irretrievable rout.

The victory of Marston Moor was counterbalanced by the surrender of the greater part of Essex's forces in Cornwall, 1st September, 1644. The second battle of Newbury, in which the principal leaders of both sides were engaged, was indecisive—27th October, 1644. The conduct of the Parliamentary leaders in this battle caused the discontent which had long been simmering in Cromwell and the more zealous republicans to boil over. They openly accused Essex and Manchester of being unwilling to press the king to extremes. They stated that in this battle Charles was surrounded by

greatly superior forces, yet was allowed to slip away in good order, and actually relieve Dormington Castle under the very nose of the Parliament's army. They loudly demanded the removal of dilatory commanders, and the complete reorganization of the army. Other causes rendered such a reorganization necessary if the war was not to be allowed to linger on interminably, amidst endless intrigues and dilatory campaigns, directed by half-hearted leaders. The troops on both sides were composed almost entirely of local militia, who would fight well enough in their own country and its immediate neighborhood, but were most unwilling to quit it, either because they feared their homes would be thereby exposed to the inroads of any of the garrisons which the enemy might possess thereabouts, or because having freed their homes from the presence and immediate dread of the enemy, they desired to return to their ordinary peaceful avocations. Cromwell saw that the war was sapping the life-blood of the country, that it was beyond all other things important to bring it to a speedy termination, and that more resolute leading, and troops absolutely at the disposal of their leaders, were necessary to bring this about.

To enforce the dismissal of the half-hearted generals the self-denying ordinance was introduced into Parliament and support by Cromwell's party with all their strength and influence. This bill excluded members of either House of Parliament from holding commissions in the army. After a long and doubtful struggle it was passed, and Manchester and Essex, as members of the House of Lords, immediately resigned their commissions. Cromwell, as a member of the House of Commons, was of course included in the scope of the bill, but the House felt that he was indispensable in the reorganization of the army, and he was expressly excluded from its provisions by a special act, at first temporarily and then permanently. The bill for the organization was

passed about the same time and proceeded with at once. The result was the famous New Model Army, the first national regular army ever raised in England, or indeed in Europe, for it differed from European armies in being, not the personal following of some sovereign or great leader, but the army of the nation, raised, paid, and commissioned by its chosen representatives, and enlisted entirely from among its members. The army as first raised at Windsor in April, 1645, consisted (according to Harrison) of fourteen thousand four hundred foot and sixty-six hundred horse and dragoons. Fairfax was appointed lord general. Space does not admit of a detailed account of this famous and ever-victorious army. Briefly, it was modelled on the troops raised in the Eastern Association by Cromwell. The foot was organized in regiments, each twelve hundred strong, divided into ten companies, the horse into regiments six hundred strong. The dragoons, of whom there were about one thousand, were organized in single companies. The total cost was computed at £44,955 a month.¹ The officers were nominated by Fairfax; the most zealous and skilful of those of the old army were retained, but many were dismissed, compensation being generally paid them for the loss of their commissions. Meanwhile Charles had recruited his forces, and, believing the Parliament's army to be disorganized by the radical changes that had been effected in it, quitted Oxford in high hopes of speedily crushing it. After some unimportant manœuvring in which Cromwell distinguished himself by capturing a convoy near Islip, and one or two Royalist posts in that neighborhood, and the Parliament evinced the folly of civilians attempting to interfere in military operations by sending the bulk of their forces to relieve Taunton, whilst the king was threatening to burst into the Associated Counties and approach London from the North, the two armies met near Naseby.

The king, who had captured Leices-

¹ Whitelocke.

ter, had advanced to Borough Hill, near Daventry. Fairfax with superior forces reaches Gilsborough, five miles from Borough Hill, on the 12th June. During the night the king burns his huts and retreats to Harborough. Fairfax reaches Gilling on the 13th. Cromwell who, at Fairfax's earnest request, has been appointed lieutenant-general of horse under him, joins the army this day, and is received with acclamations. Ireton, with an advance guard of Horse is thrown forward to press the king's retreat, and on the night of the 13th falls on his rear guard at Naseby. The king, calling a council of war in the middle of the night at Harborough, considers (against the advice of some of his generals) that his rear is so implicated that it is impossible to withdraw it in safety without a battle, and determines therefore to advance next morning to its support.

Fairfax moves off from Gilling at three o'clock in the morning, sending forward his Horse to press the enemy's retreat. He soon however (five o'clock) receives information that leads him to infer that the enemy is advancing, and he draws up his forces "into such a posture, as that if the enemy came on we might take advantage of our ground and be in readiness to receive him, or if not that we might advance towards him."¹ Soon after all doubts are removed by the appearance of the king's forces advancing in order of battle over a hill at some distance in the Harborough direction. Fairfax, wishing to retain the advantage of ground and wind, moves to his left (west) and draws up his forces in a large fallow field about one mile wide, the ground sloping gently to the front and then rising again. At first the troops were arranged along the crest, but were afterwards drawn back one hundred paces, to prevent the enemy advancing in the plain below, from seeing the exact formation. The order

of battle for the army had been previously arranged by Skippon, and assumed the usual formation, with the Foot in the centre and the Horse divided into two equal bodies on the flanks. The total strength was about fourteen thousand. The king, whose strength was only about seventy-five hundred, had drawn up his forces in a similar manner.

The left wing was similarly formed. The king's troops were, as was apparently usual, formed in smaller units than those in Fairfax's army. The battle was in its main features similar to that of Marston Moor. Prince Rupert, who commanded the cavalry on the king's right, charged the left wing of the Parliamentary Horse under Ireton furiously, caught its leading regiments as they advanced to meet him insufficiently supported by their reserves, threw them into disorder, overthrew in turn the reserves and chased them all in utter rout from the field. In the centre a furious and doubtful struggle ensued between the opposing Foot.

On the Parliamentary right Cromwell commanded the Horse in person. Owing to a coney warren and broken ground which hampered his extreme right the usual formation in two lines had to be modified. The regiments were each formed in two wings. In the first line stood Whalley's regiment and the Life Guards, with one wing of Pye's regiment between them; in the second line stood Sheffield's and Fiennes' regiments with the other wing of Pye's between them, but owing to the bad ground on the right one wing of Fiennes' regiment was formed in rear of the second line; the Horse of the associated counties also stood in the third line further to the left. Rossiter's regiment, which arrived just as the battle was beginning, formed up on the right partly in the rear of the first and partly in the rear of the second line.

The movement of the army back from the "ledge of the hill" noticed above caused the king to believe that Fairfax was retiring and the royal forces

¹ Sprigg's "*Anglia Rediviva*," from which the account of the battle in the text is principally taken. Sprigg was a chaplain in the New Model Army, and his work is well worth reading.

hurried their advance. But on their near approach the Parliamentary Army moved forward and recovered the ledge, and Cromwell immediately charged. His left under Whalley having firm ground to cross strikes the enemy first, and receiving a volley from their pistols at close range pushes in with the sword. The right, having to pass over ground covered with furze bushes, and broken by rabbit holes, is somewhat delayed, but on coming up strikes the Royalist left flank and throws their Horse into confusion, driving them back towards the centre. Langdale, however, rallies them behind Prince Rupert's regiment of Foot.

Meanwhile in the centre the Parliamentary Foot of the first line had been overthrown with the exception of Fairfax's own regiment, in spite of their superiority in numbers. The regiments of the second line under Rainsborough, Hammond, and Pride, restore the battle; but the contest is doubtful, the king's troops fighting with great determination. About this time the king endeavors to retake the offensive on his left wing, by leading his Life Guard, a splendid body of Horse five hundred strong, against Cromwell in person. As he rides forward in front of his troops, the Earl of Cornworth, fearing lest he should be killed or wounded in the *melée*, entreats him to resign so dangerous a post. Charles, however, persists, and the earl seizing his rein turns the king's horse round and endeavors to lead him out of the battle. The troopers of the Life Guard, mistaking this movement for a signal for retreat, wheel about also, and, being seized with a panic, gallop off some distance from the field before they can be rallied and led back again. Meanwhile Cromwell, perceiving that Langdale's Horse though not completely routed are in such confusion that they cannot for some time take any further part in the battle, refrains from pressing them any further, but contents himself with observing them with half of his horsemen, while he throws the other half against the flank

and rear of the king's infantry, then engaged in a stubborn fight with Fairfax's Foot. This manœuvre proves decisive. The Royalist Foot is broken and dispersed, all but one *tertia* (or regiment), probably Rupert's, which most gallantly holds its own in spite of every endeavor to break its ranks. At last Fairfax orders up his own regiment which does not appear to have been seriously engaged till now. They fall on in front with pike and musket-butt, whilst a body of Horse charges this splendid Royalist regiment from the rear. At last its ranks are pierced, and the last of the king's infantry is swept from the field. The Footmen had done their duty nobly, had driven back and almost defeated an enemy twice as numerous as themselves, and only finally succumbed when surrounded by Horse and Foot, and charged by Cromwell's famous Ironsides.

Meanwhile Rupert, pursuing Ireton's routed Horse, had fallen on the Parliamentary train near Naseby. Repulsed by the musketeers which formed its escort, he had with difficulty withdrawn his troopers from the chase, and returned to the field to find the king's left wing beaten, and to witness the final dispersion of his Foot.

Rallying on Langdale's troopers who had now somewhat recovered from their confusion and were again showing front to the enemy, the king's Horse again form a line of battle some half mile or so to the rear of their first. Opposite them Cromwell forms his own Horse, and such regiments of the left wing as had rallied after their defeat, in two wings, with orders not to attack until the Foot have come up. These meanwhile are being re-formed by Fairfax some quarter of a mile in rear. As soon as they advance towards the interval left for them between the wings of the Horse, Cromwell orders the latter to charge. The king's troopers do not await the shock. Demoralized by the utter defeat of the Foot, and the rough handling they have themselves received, they break and

flee, hotly pursued by Cromwell's troopers, who follow them as far as Leicester, ten miles off.

Such was the deciding battle of the first Civil War. In spite of their superiority in numbers it was Cromwell's genius alone which saved the Parliamentary forces from defeat. With any other leader on the right, the most that could have been hoped for after the defeat of the left was a drawn battle, and the superior metal of the king's infantry would probably have won the day. Fairfax, experienced general, brave leader, and beloved of his troops, possessed a noble character which influenced his whole army, but he lacked Cromwell's eagle glance, which saw amidst the tumult and confusion of a cavalry *mêlée* the true decisive point, and the self-restraint and command over his men, which withdrew them in the flush of victory from the pursuit of their immediate opponents, to hurl part of them in a fresh direction, and reduce the remainder to the passive duty of observing the enemy.

Clarendon, the Royalist historian, thus comments on the discipline existing in the two armies, and I think most military readers of the histories of these wars will agree that most of the praise, which he gives equally to Fairfax and Cromwell, is due, on this particular point, to the latter: "That difference was observed all along in the discipline of the king's troops, and of those which marched under the command of Fairfax and Cromwell (for it was only under them, and had never been remarked under Essex or Waller), that though the king's troops prevail'd in the charge, and routed those they charged, they seldom rallied themselves again in order, nor could they be brought to make a second charge again the same day, which was the reason why they had not entire victory at Edgehill. Whereas the other's troops if they prevail'd, or though they were beaten and routed, presently rallied again, and stood in good order till they receiv'd new Orders."

Naseby was the last great battle in

which Cromwell fought as a subordinate officer. In all his subsequent campaigns he was in supreme command, and though their study enhances our admiration of his genius, he must hereafter be studied as a strategist and tactician dealing with all arms, rather than purely as a cavalry leader, which has hitherto been his principal rôle. What has he done towards developing the efficiency of that arm? He has converted a conglomeration of ill-trained, undisciplined troops of "tapsters and decayed serving men," into such a force as Europe has as yet never seen, well organized, thoroughly drilled, perfectly disciplined, animated with such a spirit as will take them as far as, and further than, gentlemen will go; gentlemen, that is, lacking, as the Royalists lacked, that perfect discipline which binds men together. He has substituted shock for fire tactics in the cavalry—the well-timed cohesive charge of drilled soldiers, for the loose rush and discriminate skirmishing of a mass of horsemen. He has developed the use of the second and even of a third line in the attack, and demonstrated the immense value of flank attacks. Above all, he has taught his men to rally after the charge. Fritz Hœnig considers him to be the first to substitute pure shock for the mixed fire and shock tactics formerly employed by cavalry, but Mr. Gardiner quotes a passage from a contemporary writer which assigns this innovation to Prince Rupert. The passage runs: "Just before we began our march" (to the battlefield of Edgehill), "Prince Rupert passed from one wing to the other, giving positive orders to the horse to march as close as possible, keeping their ranks with sword in hand, to receive the enemy's shot without firing either carbine or pistol till we broke in among the enemy, and then to make use of our firearms as need should require, which order was punctually observed."

But whether he originated shock tactics, or took the hint from Rupert, Cromwell certainly adopted them in the cavalry trained under his eye.

It is difficult to estimate the pace of the charge as practised by the famous Ironsides. I cannot find the word gallop, or any exact equivalent, in any of the reports of the battles of the Civil War I have seen, though the trot is often mentioned. I doubt if the pace was anything like as rapid as is now considered necessary. It is probable that cohesion was considered more important than great pace. It should be remembered, also, that the men still wore a lot of heavy defensive armor, and the horses were very inferior to ours. Judging by the plates in Newcastle's book,¹ his favorites would hardly gain a prize at a show nowadays. Such horses would probably have been blown and exhausted had they been called on to carry heavily armed riders at a rapid gallop even for a short distance, and during the fight Cromwell had always his men and horses well in hand. Rupert probably excelled him in the one point of pace, but the inability of the Royalist Horse to charge a second time may very likely be attributed to the exhausted condition of their horses after the first. Once the enemy was routed, however, Cromwell spared his horses no more. The pursuit was carried out with the utmost energy, and to the bitter end.

Scouts and flankers were freely used by Cromwell, both on the field of battle and to obtain information; in the former case dragoons seem often to have been employed. Cromwell was always well supplied with information of the enemy, and obtained it in many ways. It was the special duty of his scout, Master Watson, to keep touch of the enemy. The progress made in this most important branch of the art of war under Cromwell is astonishing. At the beginning of the war Charles marched from Shrewsbury on the 12th October, 1642, and Essex from Worcester on the 14th, both for London, and moved along parallel roads not more than twenty miles apart for ten days without knowing of each other's whereabouts.

¹ A General System of Horsemanship.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

A FRENCH SQUIRE'S DIARY IN THE
SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

In the present day, when special attention is directed to all that concerns agriculture and the relations of squires, farmers, and laborers, it may interest our readers to have brought before them some extracts from a journal recently discovered of a Norman squire of the sixteenth century. Normandy, as the home of our ancestors, and inhabited by a population whose habits and modes of thought in some respects resemble our own, has a special interest for Englishmen. The manuscript was in the hands of M. de Gonnivière, a landed proprietor of the district where its author formerly lived, and selections from it were first published by the Abbé de Tollemer, the only remaining copy of whose work is in the National Library of Paris. Though presented in a fragmentary form, it affords us some very suggestive glimpses into the rural life in Normandy of that period. The journal was commenced in 1553 by the Sire de Gomberville, describing his life and experiences during an interval of peace and prosperity which followed the wars of Charles the Bad and the devastations caused by the English invasion. Troublous times returned towards the close of the nine years which he describes, and he appears to have made good use of this opportunity for the benefit of his property and dependents, as well as for his own advantage. He was evidently a man of an energetic and intelligent spirit, who evinced a lively interest in all the details of rural life, and yet could look beyond its narrowing limits to the general welfare of his country and fulfil his public duties as a lord of the soil.

He came of a high family of the provincial nobility, and was proud to trace his pedigree for at least three hundred years. His estate at Gomberville was not far from Cherbourg and Palognes. He had but a moderate fortune, and his establishment at the Manor House consisted of only four-

teen male and female servants. Neither a saint nor a sage, he showed himself an honest man and a just and kind master, albeit hasty and severe. Both his parents were dead at the time when he wrote his journal. He mentions his sisters and brothers, who held offices amongst the magistracy and clergy, and he himself discharged the duties of lieutenant of waters and forests. He had cousins in the neighborhood, with whom he was constantly quarrelling. An illegitimate brother, Symonnet, was a great favorite with him and his intimate friend, though they fell out at times. The husband of his sister Guillemette, Langlois, surnamed Cantepye, spent much of his time at the château, and assisted him in all his transactions of buying and selling. Whenever the squire had a suit at law, Cantepye was present and stood up for his relative's rights. In doing so on one occasion, in open court, he administered a box on the ear to the servant of a curé because he had contradicted him.

Another day we find him, in conjunction with his sister, suing one of their brothers for the sum of one hundred and seven solz, or francs, lent for the funeral expenses of their mother. The squire himself remained a bachelor during the time recorded in his journal, probably for want of money, although his friends did their utmost to persuade him to change his condition, one with the offer of one cask of wine, another with the promise of two. Notwithstanding the absence of any Eve from his paradise, the worthy squire's life was by no means dull. His days were filled with varied occupations, as well as pleasant recreations. Besides hunting and shooting, in which he delighted, he and his friends indulged in bowls, ninepins, ball-playing, and other athletic sports now unknown, not to speak of dice and cards. We learn that they sometimes played for money, and once the squire records that he had lost sixty-two solz, or about fifty shillings. Even bull-fights were practised in a mild form, and in strange contrast to the mystery-plays in the churches. At the

same time there is mention of more intellectual pastimes. His litigious spirit led him to become a diligent student of law, and especially of Justinian. He had a library, and both borrowed and lent books, of which he kept a strict account. It is not a little surprising to be told that works of fiction found a place on his shelves, and on wet evenings he would amuse the gaping rustics by reading to them the romantic adventures of Amadis de Gaules. More serious subjects, too, now and then occupied his thoughts, for, being kept in the house several days by illness, he beguiled the time by translating into French the Latin hymn, "O Christe, qui lux es et dies." The Almanack of Nostradamus was frequently consulted as his favorite oracle for indications of the weather or prognostications of coming events. In fact, there seems to have been a rather strong vein of superstition in his character.

As lieutenant of waters and forests he was obliged at times to travel about through the province, and to pass some days in the principal towns, such as Rouen, Evreux, Caen, etc., when he duly records the names of the inns where he stopped, and the length of his bills. The charges were not generally heavy, seldom more than eight solz a day for himself and his attendants, or if he had a guest to entertain they might amount to fifteen. One day, at Blois, he had supper with the king, the queen, and the dauphin, as well as the queen of the Scots, followed by a ball. At the inn of another town he relates a violent quarrel between a squire and the land lady, when the latter received a sword-cut on the leg. Such encounters with women appear to have been not unfrequent, for France was not then as renowned as now for gallantry to the fair sex. For the most part, however, our squire loved to live quietly at home in the diligent pursuit of the duties of his estate, where his relations with his tenantry and servants seem to have been, on the whole, peaceful and cordial.

An excellent master, he sought their

welfare in every way, though he was hot-tempered and strict in exacting obedience. He did not scruple to box their ears, particularly those of the maids. This discipline they would sometimes resent, by leaving the next morning without notice, whilst seldom did the fugitives fail to return, and to be received back with favor.

Even his brothers came in for a share of such tokens of his displeasure, and De Gomberville enters the fact in his diary as if with some measure of compunction for his hasty conduct. One entry of this kind is in Greek characters, which he employed for more private notes, and it is to this effect: "The said day I beat Symonnet because he had treated me with contempt in several ways." Another day he writes that he had chastised his faithful servant, La Joie, "who had left the hall door open, in order to go and play at bowls."

For grave faults, such as lying, he has them whipped. It is evident that the times of Republican liberty, equality, and fraternity had not then dawned. On the other hand, in some respects he was before his age. Thus he was a warm advocate of popular education, giving rewards in money to deserving scholars, and paying the school pence for others. He used to visit the schools of the neighborhood, and their masters, and would encourage young men to seek superior instruction, and assisted one of them to pursue his studies at Paris. He was also most charitable to the sick and needy. Not satisfied with sending them food or medicine, he would daily visit and nurse them as if they belonged to his own family. Indeed, he was their doctor as well as nurse, and his skill in medicine and surgery was so renowned in the neighborhood that the people sought his advice from every side. Two men, he says, came to ask whether their brother, who had pleurisy, should be bled. A peasant, who had fallen from a tree, receives somewhat heroic treatment with turpentine plasters. At almost every moment he is called in to heal wounds

inflicted with arms, which were much used in their quarrels by all classes and degrees of men. One poor man had a cancer nine years, which a barber pretended to cure. The squire heard of it, and sharply reproved the quack for his folly in undertaking a case incurable according to the verdict of all medical men. Is this, alas! any less true in the present day? In a list he made of the doctors and barbers of the neighborhood it is curious to notice the names of many priests, who endeavored to combine the healing of soul and body. His own remedies were often of a very simple but efficacious character, such as plasters, calf's-foot jelly, hot drinks, claret, and cider. Even cabbage is prescribed as both food and a medication. When a servant falls seriously ill, the good squire starts off immediately, quite alone, at night, perhaps after the fatigues of a long journey, without having had more than two hours' sleep, or changing his clothes, or taking any food, across the fields to attend upon the sufferer. He always provided some delicacy for the sick person, such as sugar, then sold at a high price by the apothecary, or kid's flesh, or some fine bread, such as he never would eat himself.

We turn next from this pleasing picture of this somewhat rugged and harsh, and yet generous, kind-hearted gentleman, to take a glance at the interior of his hall and its arrangements. There is every sign that it was very simply furnished. No mention is made of buying new furniture. What he had was probably solid and durable. Still he alludes to some articles of special value, such as a small ivory "coffret," and a "cabinet," or a sort of sideboard with many drawers. He has one clock, no doubt a rare possession, for he gives it as a wedding present to his sister, who marries a rich landowner of Greville, but had no such useful treasure in her house. Plate seems to have been conspicuous by its absence at the chateau, and tin vessels are used in its place, for in Normandy the old traditions of simplicity were then more strictly observed than in

other parts of France. On the other hand, well-to-do people prided themselves on a good stock of fine linen. If the squire was extravagant in anything it was with regard to sheets, table-cloths, and his own shirts. On November 22, 1553, just at the beginning of winter, he records a payment of twelve deniers for two days' work in making shirts, a sum about equal to a shilling, and to another sempstress of eighteen deniers for three days' work. From this circumstance we see that workwomen then received about eight or nine sous a day with their board. It appears, too, that these garments were decorated with lace, and were made with no less skill than his silk handkerchiefs, which, he tells us, he often lost along with the money he would wrap up in them, although he was not without a purse. He pays very dear for his simple "doubleures;" but his grandest article of dress was his "robe de droguet," for attaching fur to which he paid a furrier twenty-five solz for two days' work. The climate was cold, and warm clothing was indispensable. He provided for his servants large capes ("cappeaux") that served in a measure the purpose of umbrellas, for we are told that these most useful articles were not known in France before 1680, and, if so, the French were behind in this respect even Robinson Crusoe in his happy invention.

The squire's shoes were of a very plain and solid make, little better than those provided for his laborers; and such was his economy, that he bought leather and had them re-soled by a cobbler living at the château. He was much more particular about his head gear. Felt hats were brought by sea from Rouen to Cherbourg. Gonberville paid twenty-five francs for his own, whilst those for his servants were not more than a third of that price. His rich velvet caps cost nearly forty francs.

The squire had a peculiar weakness for perfumes, which he distilled on the spot, such as rose-water, Damascus water, "eau à la mode," etc.; and he did

not think it beneath his dignity to go and gather the pinks at a neighboring monastery. He was also very fastidious with regard to his gloves, and would pay twelve francs a pair for them.

A word may be added as to the arrangements for the table at the château. The flour was ground and the bread made at home, although when there was not time to do so a loaf of twelve pounds would be bought from the baker for three francs. He paid a higher price when he expected friends, and especially the Curé of Cherbourg, who was somewhat of an epicure. There is little said about pastry, except the "gâteau des rois," so essential to the festivities of Twelfth Night or Epiphany. The desserts consisted of cheese, honey, fresh and dried fruits, oranges and grenades from the South, with a great variety of wines. Generally the preference was given to solid food. Sometimes oxen and sheep were slaughtered at home, sometimes choice morsels were bought at the town, and wonderfully cheap they were. On one occasion the half of a calf and a pound of candles are purchased for five francs. Kids were much in request for special entertainments. Pork was then, as now, a favorite article of diet amongst the peasants. One day, when going to the chase, he rose at four, and breakfasted on pork and herrings himself. The fact speaks well for his digestive powers—unless he had reason to repent of the indulgence.

Special luxuries were occasionally provided at his table; as when the servant of a neighbor brought him an Indian cock and hen, he was so pleased that he gave the messenger a *pourboire* of four francs. This little circumstance is not without interest, as showing that the turkey was not then unknown in France, and throwing doubt on the common tradition that this bird was first introduced there by the Jesuits and served at the royal table of Charles IX., 1571. Fish appears often on the squire's board, as his château was near the sea, and the rivers also furnished a good supply.

His gardens deserve a passing notice. We may gather from his journal what fruits and vegetables were grown at that period in Normandy. He mentions apples, pears, vines, chestnuts, and other nut trees; but not plums, apricots, peaches, figs, strawberries, raspberries, currants. There were peas and beans in abundance, but no celery, or salsify, or sorrel, or kidney-beans, or other vegetables now so common in France. Roses and pinks seem to have been about the only flowers in his borders. The land yielded, besides wheat and barley, textile plants such as flax and hemp. His laborers were evidently well paid, even according to a modern standard; the wages of those who were not lodged in the château ranged from eight to twenty deniers per ordinary workman, and were two francs a day for the highest class, in addition to food and drink supplied to them. Taking the highest of these at twelve francs per week, we observe that this will correspond with the average price then paid for a bushel of wheat. The material circumstances of the peasants were, therefore, not at all bad—much better than we should have expected in those days. But their moral condition must have been far from satisfactory. Quarrels and fights for the most trivial causes amongst all classes, carried on even with arms, and leading to severe wounds and fatal results, were very common. Twenty cases of capital punishment are alluded to in the journal as having occurred in the neighborhood, and doubtless, through the imperfect police arrangements, many more crimes of violence and robbery remained undetected. Civilization was evidently most incomplete, and the manners of the people generally must have been very barbarous. The conduct and character of this worthy squire, though in many ways defective, shine out in bright contrast to his surroundings. He was, as we have seen, extremely litigious. Not only was he often engaged in law suits, but, as the French express it, he “did not spare the spice” in order to gain his cause. Bribery was

very common in those times. Presents of game and venison and wine to the judges and magistrates were never wanting, not to speak of *douceurs* of money to their officers. Such gifts were connived at even by the king, who did not at all object to “his judges” accepting such unconsidered trifles. Sometimes the more scrupulous amongst them would be conveniently from home when such offerings arrived, but their gude wives were always at hand to welcome them in the most graceful manner.

Such, on the whole, was the general moral and social state of the inhabitants of Normandy in the sixteenth century. Into the religious controversies we will not here enter, and will only remark that there are indications in the journal that the Reformation movement had reached even that remote rural district. It was indeed attended by bitter conflict and fierce struggles between the Catholics and the Protestants, and in these the squire was more or less embroiled. Gomberville prudently kept aloof from all this. His business is for a while suspended, and he can neither buy nor sell. By way of precaution he sends by boat to Bissin “coffrets” full of letters and linen, on account of the troubles caused by religion.

His entries in his journal are now shorter and more cautious, lest it should be discovered. Three times he is summoned by the Marshal de Matignon to Cherbourg and threatened with the sacking and pillaging of his house. But he writes that he cares little about it, because he does not feel himself at all in fault. Nevertheless he hides his coffrets and keeps his horses bridled and saddled ready for flight. A sort of National Guard is formed in the towns and country district for the protection of life and property. One day the curé of Palognes and his servant were riding in front of the squire and his brother, at about the distance of a field off. The curé looked back and turned at full gallop into a wood close by. “Monsieur de Palognes,”

cried Cantepye, "don't be afraid—friends!" But the cautious clergyman fled the faster, "not so much from fear," observes the Abbé Tollemer, "a because he smelt heresy." De Gonberville, in fact, was in a very awkward position. He was most anxious to live at peace, and to this end would send presents of game to both sides. Still the governor was not satisfied with his equivocal attitude, and he was again summoned to declare his allegiance to the king. This he did, and also made a public confession of submission to the Church. How far he succeeded in maintaining this ambiguous position we do not know, for his journal, diligently kept for nine years, is now abruptly closed. In 1562 a deed of sale, still preserved, and executed in 1576, proves that he was then still alive. Did he continue to enjoy the tranquillity he so much loved, or did he take a more decided part in the struggles of the day? Did he at last become entangled in the meshes of matrimony? These and other interesting questions we cannot answer. Perhaps another manuscript may yet be found to throw further light upon his history. Meantime, the existing journal has served our purpose in illustrating rural life in Normandy during the sixteenth century, as well as in presenting a vivid portrait of the worthy squire himself.

WILLIAM BURNET.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
PROFESSOR BLACKIE.¹

Edinburgh during the present century has seen three eminent men whose figures were familiar to all its citizens, and whose striking presences never failed to arrest the eye and arouse the interest of the stranger. The sight of Sir Walter with his stately brow, and face with its mingled shrewdness and benevolence, limping sturdily along from the Court of Session to the "cabin

that was convenient" in Castle Street, made all men turn their heads. Scarcely less striking was Christopher North, as with swinging stride and Jupiter-like aspect he took his daily walk from the College to Gloucester Place via the Old Saloon. To these demi-gods succeeded the lithe, active, plaid-girt personality whose flowing white locks crowned by soft felt hat easily inclining to the side, finely cut mobile face always turned well skywards, stout cudgel—no mere ornamental walking-cane—freely flourished in moods of inspiration or excitement, and springy almost jaunty gait, scarcely needed the whispered information to tell the visitor "That's Blackie." The last of this trio has in his turn departed, and Edinburgh yet looks the emptier for his absence.

And Blackie having departed, it follows of necessity that his life has to be written and published. Far less notable men cannot in the present day escape paying this death-due to the interest or the curiosity of their surviving fellows. But to cramp and compel a man like Blackie to the uses and ends of biography appears on first thoughts a daring experiment. The meteor is a celestial phenomenon that still defies the astronomer's best calculations as to its nature and course. And there was a meteor-like uncertainty in Blackie's career here below that generally left the observer at fault. To express his movements in ethical and social formulæ was a formidable task for any biographer to undertake. Upon which of the many forms of this latter-day Proteus was the biographer to seize with the assured conviction that it would turn into the real Blackie and prophecy truly? Was it to be as a philosopher, a poet, a scholar, a patriot, a reformer, as a Celt or a Saxon, as a man with earnest purpose underlying his life, or an impetuous whirlwind rushing in wherever the atmosphere left an opening. that the memory of Blackie was to be preserved for a posterity that knew him not? In any one of these guises he was susceptible of an interesting and

¹ John Stuart Blackie. A Biography. By Anna M. Stoddart. Two volumes. William Blackwood & Sons. Edinburgh and London. 1895.

picturesque presentation, which must have offered strong temptations to the biographer. But it is only in the just co-ordination of these attributes, and by determining their relationship to Blackie's moral and mental nature, that we can get at the spirituality which burst forth upon the world in so diverse aspects and such multifarious pursuits. We are glad to think that Blackie has been fortunate enough to find a biographer who has studied him on the inductive principle, and has traced his work as the natural and spontaneous outcome of the man himself; and in so doing Miss Stoddart has as nearly as possible succeeded in solving the problem of a life which was a riddle to not a few of its contemporaries.

In laying down the lines of her excellent life of John Stuart Blackie, Miss Stoddart has wisely chosen to present facts rather than the results of analysis. Her book is therefore a memoir in the truest sense of the word, recording whatever was characteristic and notable in the professor's career, and identifying his acts and opinions with his inner individuality. She has thoroughly known and justly appreciated her subject; with the higher and more ideal side she notes also his little foibles and humanities which made up the more obvious side of his character. It was these genial foibles, "Blackieisms" we can only call them, the sallies and outbursts of a kindly and buoyant nature that endeared him to his generation, more we fear than the solid qualities of which he possessed abundant stock. Miss Stoddart does well to dwell on the mere human side of Blackie's disposition, for he was very human; a "human document" not always easily decipherable except by those who possessed the key. She has set forth the professor with much conscientiousness both in his strength and in his weakness. If her work has any fault, it is that it reflects too faithfully the somewhat heavy atmosphere which denominationalism induces upon the Scottish capital. Her opinions are not unfrequently restricted by narrow-

ness of view, and tinged with distinctions which lose their intelligibility when transported south of the Tweed.

The student of heredity finds food for study in the mixture of Covenanting and Jacobite blood which enriched John Stuart Blackie's veins. It is only among the Scotch that strains so alien can be mingled harmoniously without losing their distinguishing characteristics. Blackie could throw his soul as heartily into the "Bonnie House o' Airlie" as into his own immortal ballad of "Jenny Geddes." The ballad remains, but who, alas! shall sing it as he sang it? The Blackies were Borderers of a century-and-a-half's standing on Tweedside, and Blackie's grandfather followed the calling of a wine merchant in Kelso. There also was settled Dr. Stuart, whose aristocratic and Highland prejudices rose against the idea of giving his daughter to a vintner. The couple solved the difficulty by an elopement; but the world did not go well with them, and on Mr. Blackie's death, his widow and orphan, who was to become the professor's father, found a home with her brother, Dr. Archibald Stuart, who brought up his nephew and saw him safely launched into the world.

We gather an impression of the older Blackie as being a man of business ability and sterling worth rather than of intellectual power, to say nothing of genius. Blackie himself says of him: "My father was a man of great vigor both mentally and bodily, made mainly for action and enjoyment, but with a discursive turn for philosophical speculation and freedom from all narrow ideas." And this estimate is well confirmed by the liberal but at the same time practical course which he followed in the somewhat difficult task of educating his gifted son, and starting him on a career in life. The mother was Helen Stoddart, a Lanarkshire lady, descended on the maternal side from a family of Naismiths, commemorated in Covenanting annals. "A tall and graceful girl," Miss Stoddart describes her as being, "dark-haired and dark-eyed, her face beaming

with kindly smiles, a great reader and a cheerful talker. An old servant described her as a 'pairfit saint.' She seems to have been a very cultivated woman, with an education in advance of her day. She carefully studied the character of her boy, but it was beyond human prescience to foresee the evolution Blackie's mind was to go through. "It is good, I expect to see him a fine young man, pushing and fond of money, but not with much religion about him," was Mrs. Blackie's forecast when John had not as yet entered on his teens. We, however, who have seen him in his later years, recognize in his boyhood traits which are associated with our recollections of the professor, such as the singing of his lessons as he marched up and down the house, and the exercise of his infantile oratory upon a domestic audience from the top of a chest of drawers. It was just like the future Blackie when the precocious child shouted to his sire, in anticipation of the doctrine Carlyle was to preach a score of years afterwards, "Father, for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time, I tell you there is nothing like uncommon strength."

Soon after Blackie's birth in Glasgow, his family moved to Aberdeen, where his father had been appointed manager of the Commercial Bank, and where his mother died when he was ten years of age. Aberdeen was not an intellectual centre in Blackie's young days. Whatever there was of culture and learning was cloistered away in the Chanonry and the Bounds of King's College in the Old Town. In Marischal College, where Blackie was educated, with the exception of Principal Laurence Brown none of the professors were men of more than local mark. The controversy between the Moderate and Evangelical parties in the Church had already commenced, and was casting its blight upon the colleges. Miss Stoddart's moans over Aberdeen moderation pleasantly recalls to us the plaintive utterances of ancient dames away back in the forties over their teacups "anent" the Erastian

back-slidings of the land. But, as the authoress admits, it was from a Moderate that John Blackie got his best and most lasting lesson.

When Blackie was about fifteen, immediate contact with death brought home to him deeply the realities of life in their connection with the idea of an eternal and immutable future. He had seen his favorite younger brother called away from him; he had seen, too, a friend of the family cut suddenly off in the midst of youth and health, and his impressionable mind was impelled towards religious melancholy and asceticism. As in most middle-class Scottish households of the day, the devotional library lay on the drawing-room table; and the "Pilgrim's Progress," Boston's "Fourfold State," and Blair's "Sermons" constituted the chief spiritual nourishment that lay to young Blackie's hands. His favorite poets, the national songs and ballads that he loved so well, were all discarded as unedifying reading, with the result that he seems to have made himself thoroughly miserable—no very easy matter in the case of a youth with a light heart and soaring spirit such as Blackie had. The popular theology of the day, in which the terrors of the Law entirely overshadowed the promises of the Gospel, must have done much to aggravate his despondency. But his was not the mind to yield to such oppressive influence. Every mental phase with him was but the prelude to action, and it was quite in accordance with his new conception of life and its duties that he should give up the law, to the practice of which he had been already apprenticed, for the sake of seeking a career in the Church. It says much for the father's faith in Blackie's abilities that on this, as on subsequent occasions, he humored his desires, which to the practical minded man must have seemed unstable, and aided his aims with an assurance that sooner or later his son would find his proper sphere of action.

Blackie went to Edinburgh to pursue his studies for the Church, but his

mental condition, tormented by spiritual difficulties springing from Calvinistic dogma, seem to have prevented him from making much of his opportunities. He had imbibed the belief inculcated by the Evangelical school that he must be conscious of the specific moment at which he was "born again," whereas he lacked any positive assurance that he had been born at all in the theological sense. There is something very touching in the picture of young Blackie at this time, groping, striving, and praying, as he vainly sought for a sign. He sought "light in service," and began patiently to visit the sick and miserable in some of the darkest dens of Edinburgh.

Returning to Aberdeen in much the same morbid condition as he had left it, he applied himself to theological studies, apparently finding but little illumination in the lectures he attended. But the influence of Dr. Laurence Brown, the principal of Marischal College, and one of the profoundest Humanists of his day, stirred up his enthusiasm for Latin, the study of which must have proved a healthy distraction to the tension to which his religious perplexities were subjecting his mind. "Once more the house in Marischal Street began to echo to his voice. High-sounding quotations from Cicero, transposed and paraphrased, bore witness to his diligence, and orations in imitation of his favorite author were delivered in the retirement of his room against a bedpost grovelling in sedition or a wardrobe which revelled in impious luxury and crime." *Declamavit; salva est res!* Blackie, we can see, is growing himself again. But neither Latinity nor dogma could minister to his mind an efficient cure. He seems to have been in much the same spiritual condition as George Fox was when the clergy recommended him to "drink beer and dance with the girls." George, as is well known, found relief in a pair of leather breeches, while in Blackie's case the simple prescription of "a wider jacket" was attended with not less satisfactory results.

Going one day to see Dr. Patrick Forbes, one of his father's friends, who was minister of St. Machar's Cathedral, as well as professor of humanity in King's College, where his memory was long kept green under the name of "Old Prosody," Blackie took the opportunity of asking his opinion of Boston's "Body of Divinity," which he was seriously thinking of taking as a lamp for his path. The old "Moderate's" answer was very much to the point:—

What have you to do with books of divinity by Boston or any other? Are you a Christian? What should a Christian read before his Bible? Do you know Greek? Whence should a student of theology fetch his divinity in preference to the Greek Testament?

This proved to be the word that Blackie needed to free him from the trammels and terrors of dogma, and start him upon a freer course of religious inquiry. And when Dr. Forbes advised the father to "send John to Germany; his jacket wants widening," he indicated the precise change of mental air which the young man most needed. The reader of Miss Stoddart's book must be struck with the idea that Blackie at this period of his life had a narrow escape from spiritual shipwreck. The season of trouble was, however, not without its use. He emerged from it a graver and more earnest man, with a clearer perception of his position in the universe and his relationship to the Infinite. He could patiently look back upon the discipline he had undergone, and the use it had proved to him.

I was not happy, I was not wise [he says, speaking of this period]; but I did not go astray after vanities. . . . All my spiritual troubles were, as I afterwards found, only a process of fermentation, out of which the clear and mellow wine was to be worked. With all its sorrows, a youth spent in Calvinistic seriousness is in every way preferable to one spent in frivolity.

Blackie's Wanderjähre in Germany and Italy were also his Lehrslehre. His life-education really began in Germany. He had left Scotland crude and unin-

formed, knowing little of himself and less of the world, and wearing "a jacket" which he had visibly outgrown. But he recognized his own imperfections, and was resolved that neither insular prejudices nor national prepossessions should prevent him from acquiring the best culture that Germany could offer him. He remained abroad from 1829 to 1832, thoroughly mastering German, attending lectures on theology and philosophy and Greek, and dabbling not a little in many other subjects besides. He had quite recovered his lightness of heart, and seems to have entered heartily into the spirit of German student life, the blithesomeness of which he made in after years a not very successful effort to transplant to the Scottish universities. He wandered in the Hartz and the Black Forest clad in wagoner's smock, mixing with the people—especially the miners,—geologizing as he went; and making intellectual pilgrimages to Weimar and Wurtzburg. At Göttingen, Otfried Müller and Heeren the historian seem to have influenced him most. At Berlin, whither he next went, he studied under Schleiermacher and Neander, to the latter of whom he was much attracted, and whose teaching appears to have had much to do with broadening views that were of themselves already stretching far beyond their originally restricted confines. Neander once startled his disciple by remarking, "You have some Jewish notions in Scotland with regard to the observance of the Lord's Day." Blackie, who still considered that "Scottish theology and Christianity were convertible terms," was staggered by the assertion "that one of the most significant observances of Scottish religiousness was not Christian but Jewish." But the Fourth Commandment was too deeply imbedded in Blackie for him to be swayed by such reasoning. He continued to spend his Sundays after the Scotch fashion; and, says he, "I never had cause to regret my conscientiousness—'Whatsoever is not of faith is sin.'"

But if Blackie clung to his Sab-

atarianism, there were other of the Kirk's "fundamentals" that were rapidly slipping from his grasp. Already he was discerning that the Confession of Faith presented obstacles to his entering the ministry of the Church of Scotland which he could not hope to conscientiously surmount. Again his father had to be applied to for permission to choose another profession, and we can imagine the worthy man devoutly hoping that this was the last change of mind on his son's part which he would have to encounter. The period of John's sojourn in Germany was a time of anxiety to the Blackie family; anxiety not less about his expanding views than about the state of his health. But when we read the delightful letters Blackie wrote to his father, full of depth of purpose and self-revelation, we are not surprised that he could wait in hope and patience until his son could reach safe anchorage. We should have gladly quoted from more than one of these interesting letters, but our space compels us to refer the reader to Miss Stoddart's book.

What seems to have impressed Blackie most deeply during his student days in Germany, was the immense superiority of the instruction in the universities, to the courses followed in the colleges of his own country, which were rather schools than universities, drilling boys where they should have been stimulating men, and maintaining a standard of attainments that was "prominently puerile" and "lamentably low." "I burned with indignation," he says, "when I thought of these things, and from that moment became a university reformer." It was the strong views he held on this subject that first impelled him into print. He wrote an account of the German system of university teaching for the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, edited by Mr. Glassford Bell, the cultured and accomplished author of a "Life of Queen Mary," and of poems not yet forgotten, and thus prefaced the movement for the reform of the Scottish universities, which he himself practically began in Marischal College, and

in which he did not cease to bear a prominent part all his life through.

His Continental education was wound up by a sojourn in Italy of over twelve months, during which he chiefly resided in Rome. His studies there seem to have been more of a distraction than anything else. He dabbled in antiquities and art, but these were subjects which Blackie's mind did not very readily assimilate. He did not appreciate the Italians in the same way as he had taken to the Germans, and he did not like the shadow of the Church of Rome which hung over all. But his stay in Rome was serviceable in enabling him to make the acquaintance and secure the friendship of Bunsen, who was then the representative of Prussia in the Eternal City. In Blackie, Bunsen found unquestionably a kindred spirit, and the influence which he exercised on Blackie's mind was of a lasting character. In Rome, again, Blackie relapsed into one of his moods of religious depression, due to his inability to accommodate his mind to any fixed system of doctrine, "visions of death, judgment, and eternal perdition filled and paralyzed his mind."

On one occasion Bunsen took him to his own study and questioned him about his religious convictions, urging him with such tender earnestness that John Blackie burst into tears. Another time, when in a scoffing strain he alluded to the doctrine of eternal damnation, Bunsen called him sharply to order, reminding him "that the duration of other men's damnation was no business of his, that he would find enough to do attending to his own personal religion, and that damnation of some kind or other was sure to follow on all unrepented sin." The older man, matured and ennobled by Christianity, was displeased to find this clever youth, in whom he took an interest, wasting his energy in "boggling among dark theological questions of no practical value."

By the time that Blackie returned to Scotland it was obvious that no gown fashioned in Geneva would cover his now amply widened jacket, and no pulpit fenced in by the Confession of Faith would be open for his utter-

ances. Debarred as he thus felt himself from entering the ministry, he had had to think of a career in some of the secular professions, and among them a classical chair in one of the Scottish universities possessed for him the greatest attractions. His studies in Rome had been mainly undertaken with a view to qualify himself for such a post. But a classical chair in Scotland does not fall vacant every day, and it became necessary that he should in the mean time provide himself with a profession upon which he might fall back if his hopes of university teaching were frustrated. He accordingly came to Edinburgh in the spring of 1832, being then in his twenty-ninth year, and commenced his studies for the Scottish bar. In the congenial lettered society which still lingered in Edinburgh, Blackie's high spirits, genial humor, and manifold accomplishments, made him a favored guest. Sir William Hamilton and Professor Wilson and the first William Blackwood were among the hosts at whose table he was welcomed; and among his coeval associates were Aytoun, Theodore Martin (not yet migrated to London), James Moncreiff, John Gordon, Horsman, Campbell Swinton of Kimmerghame, and Robert Horne, afterwards dean of faculty. There were pleasant symposia at Blackie's lodgings in Dublin Street, where oysters and a "rizzard haddie" proved a proper preface to the tumblers and toddy-ladles, and the evening would pass in old-fashioned decorous joviality and talk, enlivened doubtless by one of Blackie's own songs, such as "Give a Fee," a ditty in whose chorus his briefless audience would join with heartfelt sincerity, or the "Song of Good Fellows," which pleasantly hit off the characteristics of the Juridical Society, the singer to be sure not sparing himself:—

Then B—keye, strange jumble of non-sense and sense,

A thing half a song, half a sermon;

I believe that the fellow is made of good stuff,

But his noddle is muddled with German.

Our wits he'd fain daze with his big
foreign phrase,

His cant of "immutable reason,"

To bray like an ass, while for gods they
would pass,

With your German *savans* is no
treason.

They were pleasant days those in which Blackie followed the pursuits of Themis, clouded only by a well-founded fear that he would never be able to overtake the goddess. And so it proved, for though in due time he put on gown and wig, it is recorded of him that two briefs were the only business that ever came into his hands.

But if Blackie lagged in law during these years, his energies found a sufficient outlet in literature. The time of his studentship, and of the few years he vainly struggled for existence at the bar, was the time of his greatest literary activity, and in our opinion, of his best literary work. He first broke ground with translations. His version of the first part of Goethe's "Faust" was published by the Blackwoods in 1833, and was very favorably received, holding its ground until it was supplanted by more finished and accurate translation of the whole poem by Sir Theodore Martin. It earned Carlyle's commendations, whose acquaintance Blackie had made in Edinburgh, and who, with his characteristic contempt for all his contemporaries' undertakings except his own, pronounces "Faust" to be "but a small poem, perhaps the smallest of Goethe's main works; recommending itself to the sorrow-struck, sceptical feeling of these times, but for Time at large of very limited value!" Carlyle's opinion of "Faust" must have undergone a rapid change, for we find in letters to Goethe and Eckermann, only a few years before this, that he was anxious to undertake a translation himself. When Blackie was called to the bar the allowance made him by his father ceased, and he had now only his pen to depend upon; and he became a constant contributor to magazines and reviews, especially to "Maga" and the

Foreign Quarterly. Looking back upon the articles contributed by him to the former magazine between 1835 and 1842, we may convince ourselves that Blackie never did more thoughtful and vigorous work than his essays and reviews, chiefly on German subjects, during these years. It is true these articles were essentially "pot-boilers," but a writer, who is still comparatively unknown, has to put forward his best efforts to get the pot to boil at all, and is not likely to have the same allowance made for his work as if he were an author of repute. If Blackie, in his later years, took higher flights, and wrote with the authority of a recognized oracle, we miss the deliberation, the freshness, and withal the modesty that lent a grace and a charm to his earlier publications.

While his fortunes were thus overcast, and rendered still more gloomy by his attachment to his cousin, Miss Wyld, which did not meet the approbation of her family, the first ray of sunshine came from Aberdeen, where the university commissioners had resolved upon reconstituting a chair of humanity in the Marischal College, where there had been no special professor of Latin since the days of the Restoration. The appointment rested with the crown; and Sir Alexander Bannerman, the Whig member for the city, and a friend of the elder Mr. Blackie, had influence with the Russell ministry, which he was willing to exercise in Blackie's behalf. The appointment was not unchallenged, for Dr. Melvin, of the grammar school, was unquestionably the best Latinist, not merely in Aberdeen but in Scotland, of his day. There were murmurs of a "Whig job," and the critical attitude assumed by the Aberdonians towards the new nominee became more acute when it was discovered that he was attempting to break through the religious tests imposed upon the Scotch professorate. He could not sign the Confession of Faith as expressive of a belief in its contents, and he was advised to make his signature the result

of a mental compromise, to sign "simpliciter," and then declare his attitude.

Most people will agree with the late Dr. Pirie and the majority of the Presbytery, that the declaration should have preceded the subscription. Blackie was practically taking up the same attitude towards subscription as had been assumed by the extreme Anglican party in Oxford a few years previously, where Newman had spoken of subscribing the Articles in their literal and grammatical sense, and Ward had argued that they might even be subscribed in "a non-natural sense." We do not see that Blackie's contention differed much from these views when he signed the Confession "not as my private confession of faith, nor as a Churchman learned in theology, but in my public and professional capacity, and in reference to university offices and duties merely." The Presbytery were reluctant to raise any difficulties, and there would have been none had Blackie been content to let the matter rest there. But he claimed that his explanation should be put upon the Presbytery's minutes, which could not be done. Dr. Pirie very liberally saying that the Presbytery "had nothing to do with any gentleman's mental reservations." He aggravated his case by injudicious letters to the papers, which roused a public protest among Churchmen, and compelled the Presbytery to take guarded action with respect to his admission to the chair. When cited before the Presbytery, he gave in a more ample version of his original explanation, with an alternative declinature of the reverend court's jurisdiction. The Presbytery acted very temperately in the matter. It might have annulled his certificate of subscription; it contented itself with reporting to the Senatus of Marischal College that "Mr. John Stuart Blackie has not signed the Confession of Faith as the confession of his faith in conformity with the terms of the act of Parliament." The Senatus resolved to take no action in the matter of induction; and Blackie raised an action

of declarator against them in the Court of Session, where Lord Cunningham, before whom the case came, showed the same fine indifference to the ethics of subscription as the Duke of Wellington is said to have exhibited some time before when called upon to sign the Articles,—“Forty, if you please,”—on his appointment as chancellor of the University of Oxford. The judge held that “the Presbytery had no title to appear, their duty in the matter of witnessing a subscription being ministerial only.” Reviewing the circumstance, we cannot escape the conclusion that the difficulty was purely of Blackie's own creation. But there was a fine wrongheadedness about him which generally led him to do what proved to be right in the long-run; and Blackie's case was not without influence upon the abolition of the theological test for the Scottish secular chairs, which was effected some ten years after he succeeded in making good his position.

In time the Gilston family relented and allowed the marriage of their daughter, Mr. Wyld in the end acting with much magnanimity; and John Blackie and Eliza Wyld were happily united in Edinburgh on 19th April, 1842, among the notables present being Sir William Hamilton, Theodore Martin, Dr. John Brown, and Lord Cunningham. Blackie had many successes in his life, but upon none had he more reason to congratulate himself than on his marriage; and we are grateful to Miss Stoddart, to whose volumes we must refer the reader, that she has given the details of the professor's romantic love-story with its happy ending, as all love-stories ought to have. We seem to know Blackie better and like him more since we have thus been let into his familiar confidence.

Opinions vary as to Blackie's success in his humanity chair in Aberdeen, and the comparatively short period which he occupied it prevented him from leaving a lasting impress upon classical education in the north. His teaching was in a great measure experimental,

and so different from the use and wont of the Aberdeen universities that the students listened with doubtful curiosity, not unmixed with amusement, to his erratic lectures. The constitution of Marischal College did not lend itself to the assimilation of German university methods, and his sphere was too small to enable him to gratify his ambition of making the Marischal humanity chair the nucleus of a general reform of university teaching in Scotland. But all the while that he was in Aberdeen, Blackie was constantly addressing himself to a wider audience than that of his classroom. He continued steadily to contribute to the magazines and reviews; he broke ground as a public lecturer in Edinburgh with an address on "The Principles of Poetry and the Fine Arts," and he had made his first appearance as a pamphleteering reformer of university tests and university teaching. Already he was beginning to make himself felt as a public force, and his views were readily taken up by advocates of educational progress, who endorsed his pleas and proffered their friendship.

It is one of the enviable privileges of a Scottish professor that he is able to take a six or seven months' holiday every year; and while at Aberdeen he began the series of Highland raids which he regularly carried on as long as his strength and bodily activity enabled him to undertake long walking tours—that is to say, to within a few years of his death. Years before he had explored on foot the shores of the Forth, the country most associated with the struggle for Scottish independence in Stirlingshire and the Lennox, and the soft and placid scenery of the Ochill hills. It was in the Highlands that Blackie seems to have first come under the influence of nature in scenery, and year after year he sought her, in her Highland fastnesses, to drink in inspiration and strength from her ever refreshing aspects. While in Italy he seems to have been indifferent to the grandeur of the Alps, the gentler beauty of the Apennines, or the charms

of the Bay of Naples or Sorrento. His delights were, as he says, "with the sons of men." "The veriest rag of humanity was more interesting to him than the finest landscape, and he regarded the latter as but a fitting scene for the action of the former." Even in his mature poetry there is to be noted an imperfect vision of the intrinsic beauties of nature, which requires the human figure or associations with humanity to provide it with a focus. Yet he revelled year after year amid the wild beauty of the Highlands, in the great solitudes of its moors and forests, and on the breezy summits of its "Bens," as he used to call the mountains. But we are not sure that more than half the attraction did not lie in the people, when he had learned to know them and to find his way to their hearts in their own tongue; and the hot Celtic blood repaid his regard with full interest. Warm, impulsive nature, fiery enthusiasm, and impatience of restraint, supplied a bond of affinity between Blackie and the Highlanders; and his genuine sympathy with their grievances, whether real or imaginary, made his following turn to him for guidance and direction. If he did not always lead them right, he never placed before them low ideals, never put forward the base bribes of the agitator, but preached to them the doctrine of natural rights and inherent freedom,—although it is to be feared his Celtic friends put less stress upon these principles than upon the practical account to which they might be turned.

It would take more space than we can give to enumerate even barely the manifold interests into which Blackie plunged himself during his Aberdeen years—popular lecturing, touring, educational reform, and special classical studies. His translation of "*Æschylus*" into English verse was, however, the most important work of this period. He had been engaged on it off and on for some ten or twelve years, and it appeared in 1850. We have always considered "*Æschylus*" to be Blackie's most successful effort at translation. Something, to be sure, is wanting

occasionally in delicacy of rendering; sometimes he fails in catching the dramatist's exact shade of meaning; but for conveying to the non-Grecian reader an idea of the fierce and fiery vigor of the original, the spirit that breathes in the "Prometheus" and the "Agamemnon," we are not certain that Blackie's version has as yet been superseded. Blackie is best in his rhymed choruses, which if not always those of Æschylus, are yet powerful outbursts of song. He was devoting himself to Greek during his Aberdeen years with the view to exchanging "Latin for Greek, copper for gold;" and an opportunity was formed for the gratification of his wishes when the Greek chair in Edinburgh fell vacant in 1851. The patronage of the chair lay to a considerable extent in the hands of the Town Council, who looked not so much to the qualifications of a candidate as to the kirk in which he worshipped. "Excellent and useful citizens as they were," says Miss Stoddart, "they had their prejudices; and these were the prejudices of men to whom the decent externals of broadcloth and a rigorous observance of Presbyterian formulas, and preferably of the U.P. or F.C. Presbyterianism, represented the whole duty of man. A very natural objection to genius was involved in these prejudices, and especially to genius that eschewed the Sabbatic surtout, and which arrayed itself in checkered trousers and plaid." He had to contest the prize with strong competitors—men like Dr. Hannah of the Edinburgh Academy, and Dr. Schmitz of the High School, Bonamy Price from Rugby, and Dr. William Smith of "Dictionary" celebrity. Blackie conducted the campaign *more suo*, and would probably have ensured his own defeat had not a body of devoted friends been constantly on the watch to obviate the effects of his precipitous and boisterous canvas.

The professor issued his first batch of testimonials, and made the initial mistake of forwarding them to the patrons without prepaying the postage. This oversight inevitably detracted from their

impressiveness, and Professors Gerhard, Brandes, and Ritschl testified in vain. His next blunder was to come to Edinburgh at Christmas-time habited in the obnoxious tartan. He called on all the thirty-three Town Councillors, and dissipated his immediate chance of securing the promise of their votes. It must be conceded that his own manner was his worst enemy in the circumstances. Five minutes of jaunty, reckless discourse, an attack on the narrow-mindedness of the patron under appeal, a sudden shake of his shoulder and a shove, and a burst of laughter for farewell, were not reassuring to a civic dignitary perspiring with responsibility. They were not evidences of scholarship, although mayhap of genius, and only proved the eternal fitness of genius to starve. Besides, the legend of the Tests, whose true history had suffered change in a decade of years, shed a sinister lustre on his repute, and his aggressive defiance of sober inquiry fed the lurid flame.

His friends endeavored to persuade him to keep himself in the background, and one of them writes him in these shrewd and frank terms: "Do not come up till the election is over; it is a pity you came up last time—some of the tailor electors were quite scandalized at your costume. If you do come just now, for my sake bring decent clothes with you."

The Baillies "cannily" sent a representative to Aberdeen to inquire into the repute in which Blackie was held in that city, and returned with reassuring reports of him as an instructor and as an observer of the Sabbath. But the voting was very close, and when the final vote was taken, Blackie only gained his chair by the casting vote of the lord provost.

We shall not dwell upon the classroom side of Blackie's career; the glimpses we get of him in the greater world, outside the university, where his genius was less held down by trammels, and where his full nature found freer scope for its exercise, are much more attractive. It would be to open up the whole system of university education if we were to seek to form an estimate of Blackie's teaching. However sound his views may have been

about Greek pronunciation, it must be admitted that he placed both himself and his students at some disadvantage by his insistence upon them from the outset of his professoriate. He hated "grammar and all such dry formalisms," but the stage at which his students reached him scarcely admitted of the structure of the Greek language being altogether relegated to a second place. The frequent "excursus" which he was wont to take in his lectures, increasing in number and variety during his later years, roused, and not unfrequently amused, the student; but they were not always directly, or even remotely, connected with the subject in hand. The unconventionality of his character, and the exuberance of his spirits, lacked the repose of the university don, and may have been occasionally reflected in his students with more than desirable intensity. But, on the other hand, Blackie divested the Greek chair of all the dulness that so often accompanies the teaching of a dead language. He made Greek a living literature to his students, and the Greeks themselves not mere eidola, but living, thinking, and energizing personalities. And the rare gifts which he possessed of making his enthusiasm contagious told above all upon the brighter minds among his students. The aim of university teaching is not to perfect, but to prepare; and it must have been the fault of students themselves if they did not come out from his teaching thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Greek history and literature, and with minds permeated by its influences. Nor must we forget to add the service which he did in expounding the importance of a study of the *Romæ* as a living aid to the mastery of ancient Greek, although, in this case also, he was prone to push his theory to extreme conclusions. In his personal relations with his students we find some of the pleasantest aspects of Blackie's nature finely exhibited.

He identified himself with the students in a thousand ways, calling on those whom sickness kept from the class; saving some from ruin by his wise inter-

ference; supplementing the work of many by instruction at home; assisting the poorer with books given or lent; watching the development of the more hopeful with solicitude; understanding all except the irredeemably shallow; patiently bearing foolishness, boisterousness, even horse-play, as one who knew that boys must learn to be men through experience of the futility of ignorance and presumption.

He was present whenever it was possible at their gatherings,—often the only professor there,—and his arrival was the occasion of acclamation. He dedicated books to them,—"*Musa Burschicosa*" and "*Messis Vitæ*;" he supported their magazine, and constantly contributed song, sonnet, or paper to its pages. He secured the co-operation of Sir Herbert Oakeley in the arrangement of Scottish songs to be sung at their concerts; he helped forward the production of a "*Book of Student Songs*" for the Scottish universities, and wrote its introduction. He was one with them, as he had found the professors at Göttingen and Berlin to be; and this beautiful relation outlasted his retirement and characterized him to the end. His reward was great, for the students loved him. No torchlight procession was complete that did not wind up at Blackie's door; and when he appeared at lecture or theatre, he was received as a king might be amongst them, going to his cab at the close between two ranks of cheering youths.

A letter from one of his old pupils, Professor Cowan of Aberdeen, thus sums up the relations of Blackie with his class: "The professor was both popular among and respected by his students—the few exceptions being those whose sense of humor was defective, or who confounded the efficiency of a professor with that of a schoolmaster."

Edinburgh received the Blackies with open arms; and by the circle of friends whom he had made during his sojourn at the bar, and to which his writings and reputation had made numerous additions, his advent was heartily welcomed. The frigidity and stiffness which characterize a contracted society that has seen better days was relaxed in Blackie's favor. The words which Lander puts into the mouth of Aspasia—"Euripides has not the fine manners

of Sophocles; but the movers and masters of our souls have surely a right to throw out their limbs as carelessly as they please on the world that belongs to them, and before the creatures they have animated"—carry with them a claim of privilege which was unanimously pronounced to be relevant in Blackie's case. Wherever men of culture and eminence were gathered, be sure Blackie was in their midst. He was even sought after for the baser use of being exhibited as a lion; but wherever he was, and in whatever society, his personality and spirit pervaded the company. By the time that he settled in Edinburgh his reputation had far extended beyond Scotland. The friendship of all the foremost literary men of the day, from Carlyle, Froude, and Tennyson, downwards, was extended to him, and his letters and notes present delightful sketches of his flying visits to all the great celebrities of his time, and of the genial and appreciative, though always shrewd, opinions he had formed of them. From his pied-à-terre in the Edinburgh university he expanded his influence far beyond his immediate sphere in a way that would have been impossible, even for him, under the more restricted conditions of Aberdeen life. And when we come to search for the source of the potent and popular influence which he became, it would be difficult to lay a finger upon any particular trait or special characteristic that made Blackie so much of a popular force. It was not his scholarship, which was varied rather than profound, nor his writings, though these presented sense and sound sentiment in an attractive guise, nor could it have been his verse, for it was only occasionally that his genius found a powerful expression in poetry. Nor could it have been altogether his public appearances, his lectures, and speeches, though he rarely missed his mark with an audience. If the secret is to be sought for, it must be rather to his pervading personality that we are to look—to the breadth of mind which enabled him to place his aims on a plane with the views of those

whose minds he was seeking to sway, whether by writing or by speaking. His absolute sincerity, too, carried with it confidence that Blackie always was speaking from his heart, and served to secure for him a kindly reception even when he was airing fads and foibles. But he was not a man to seek popularity by bating an inch of his own standpoint. Time after time he would turn upon a refractory audience and tell them in unqualified terms what he thought of their intelligence and conduct. It was these little outbursts, his own sudden revelation of some phase of self-consciousness, or the quick turn which he would give to his discourse towards something which probably had nothing whatever to do with the matter under consideration, that kept his auditory always in a state of pleased and curious expectancy. And if he had nothing pleasant to say to an assembly, was not the professor ever ready to soothe its ruffled feelings with a song of his own making, which always came as oil upon troubled waters?

People who were unacquainted with the professor were apt to jump at the opinion that his idiosyncrasies of manner and speech were indulged in for the sake of attitudinizing and for posing before the public. How far this view was a mistaken one was sufficiently obvious to those who best knew him. Blackie cared too little for the opinion of the world to seek to attract it towards himself, even by offending against the conventionalities. In his earlier days he had defied the decorum of Aberdeen by his unshorn locks and German-student attire; he had perilled his chances of winning both his wife and his chair by his aversion to tailed coats and tall hats; and in his older days he continued to set the same defiance to orthodox costume. "When I walk along Princes Street," he once said to a lady, "I go with a kingly air, my head erect, my chest expanded, my hair flying, my stick swinging. Do you know what makes me do that? Well, I'll tell you—just conceit." But the garb was really only an outward and visible sign of the picturesqueness of

the interior Blackie. How striking was his figure as he flitted about his domestic hearth with straw hat ornamented by a gay colored ribbon, and waist bound by a red sash in which one naturally expected to see a skean-dhu or at least a Greek dagger stuck! and how obscured did Blackie seem as he entered a drawing-room in the evening dress of civilization, until once his personality began to assert itself, which it was seldom long in doing.

The gatherings of the "Hellenic Society" and the "Blackie Brotherhood," the legitimate successors of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," resemble in their combination of learning and sodality more the Edinburgh unions of kindred spirits in the last century than symposia of our own day. A Hellenic Society had been inaugurated in Aberdeen by Blackie during his occupancy of the Marischal College chair, which numbered such distinguished scholars as Sir William Geddes and Dr. Donaldson among its members. Soon after his appointment to the Edinburgh chair, Blackie became the moving spirit of a similar society, and one of his first acts was to lay in a supply of Greek wines, an act that we fear must have been more benevolent in intention than in effect. We must quote from Miss Stoddart's pages a description of one of these "Attie Nights" by Mr. Burness, one of the Hellenists:—

Professor Blackie was seen at his very best at the meetings of the Hellenic Society. These were held fortnightly during the winter months in the houses of members by rotation. It is impossible to give any one who never saw him on these occasions any idea of the versatility of his talent, the brilliance and readiness of his wit, or the exuberance of his animal spirits. I was admitted in 1859, and among the members at that time were Dr. Lindsay Alexander, Dr. John Brown, Lord Neaves, Robert Herdman, Professor Gairdner, Dr. John Muir, Celt Nicolson, Professor Bayne, Dr. Donaldson, and the Rev. Alexander Webster. We got through a good deal of Greek, but the great feature of the meetings was the *symposium* which followed. As the hour drew nigh, the professor became con-

scious, as he said, of a *knisa* (Gr. *κνῖσα*) which, ascending from the dining-room, gradually became perceptible in the drawing-room, where the readings were held. When the tables were cleared, the professor generally quoted in paraphrase the motto of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ":—

This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly
days;

Meaning, "'Tis right for good wine-bibbing people
Not to let the jug pace round the board like a
cripple,

But gaily to chat while discussing their tippie."
An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.

Then fixing his eye on the symposiarch, he rose to propose the health of that gentleman, first commanding the removal of any epergne or ornament which obstructed his view. This he did in the historic phrase, "Remove that bauble!" His speeches were simply inimitable; but they were surpassed by his songs. I question whether anything he has said or written will survive "Sam Sumph" or "Jenny Geddes." The only other regular toast permitted was that of the *Despoina*, unless there happened to be a distinguished stranger present, when a similar compliment was paid to him. If the unfortunate man happened to be from Oxford or Cambridge, the honor done him was almost neutralized by the torrent of abuse with which his university was at the same time assailed. Alas! "Where be your gibes now? Your gambols? Your songs? Your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar?"

The "Blackie Brotherhood" was more intimate and less classical in its constitution, being composed of the professor's familiar friends,—authors, painters, theologians, scholars, representing the salt of Edinburgh cultured society. They met at least once a year in one of the Princes Street hotels, and though their conviviality was worth recording, Miss Stoddart has not been able to recover more than a couple of Sheriff Nicolson's excellent songs, one of which deals with the professor's platform encounter with Ernest Jones, the Chartist, on the Democracy, which ended, like most of such controversies, in leaving the subject exactly where they found it.

The incessant labors of the professor in education, in literature, and in politics, are written in Miss Stoddart's pages, and to enumerate even the bare names of them during the years from 1852 to 1895 would almost require the whole space we can give to a consideration of his career. We cannot, however, pass over the great feat of the autumnal season of his life,—the endowment of a Celtic chair in the Edinburgh University, for which he undertook the raising of the necessary funds almost singlehanded. He threw himself with all his pristine vigor into the task of raising £12,000, which was the sum proposed for the foundation. He levied his contributions wherever a Highlandman was known to exist with money in his sporran, in America even and in our most distant colonies; he successfully attacked the purses of every nobleman and laird connected with the North, and raided every nook of the Highlands, from the Forth to the Pentland Firth, for subscriptions, extending his ravages even into Celtic Wales and Saxon London. His vacations were spent in delivering lectures, the proceeds of which went to the fund. Never before had Blackie found such an outlet for his combined energies of mind and body, as in his exertions for the new chair; and his enthusiasm, while it called forth due admiration, was also the cause of much pleasantry and witticism, which the professor may well have borne with equanimity as he gathered in the cheques. The interest of her Majesty the queen had been enlisted in the undertaking, and he was summoned to the royal presence at Inveraray to give an account of his success. He had even a chance of appearing before her Majesty in the costume of the Gael, for his own dress-clothes had gone astray, and were only procured at the last moment by the intervention of "a friendly wheelbarrow." The subscription to the chair was completed within four years of its inception, and it now stands in the Edinburgh University as the greatest permanent monument to Professor Blackie's energy and enthusiasm.

His release from his official duties at the university merely gave him more time and scope for exerting his active energies in the work which he had been all the while carrying on concurrently, lecturing and writing. His appearances on public platforms were much more frequent, and his répertoire of subjects embraced to a greater extent public questions and topics of the day. He ventured upon less safe ground than when confining himself to his own proper domain of culture and the problems of life, and as he never troubled himself about the prejudices or prepossessions of those whom he was going to address, he sometimes paralyzed his auditory by Balaam-like cursing them when they expected his blessing. When a body of teetotallers thought they had caught him and secured him as president for one of their meetings, he horrified them by his first utterances. "I cannot understand why I am asked to be here," he broke forth. "I am not a teetotaler—far from it. If a man asks me to dine with him, and does not give me a good glass of wine, I say he is neither a Christian nor a gentleman. Germans drink beer, Englishmen wine, and fools water." As likely as not his lecture would deal with any or every subject except that on which he had been announced to speak, and would depart altogether from the lines of the manuscript spread out before him. Although he sometimes cautioned his hearers to "mind Blackie's sense and not his nonsense," we fear that an expectation of some lively sally, some outburst of half-humorous, half-savage denunciation, had a good deal to do with drawing together the audience that crowded to hear him. Certainly his friendly enemies the reporters made much more of his wit than his wisdom, as he could not but perceive; and on one occasion when he had made a telling speech, more to the point than usual, he suddenly turned to the representatives of the press: "I have only to add, that though my language is strong, my opinions are moderate—take that down, you

blackguards." Miss Stoddart says that "no man but Blackie would have been allowed so to defy the conventionalities of public lecturing;" but it was this defiance that to a great extent brought popular audiences to listen to him. Blackie was fully alive to his own misdemeanors, and sums up his errors in an amusing, but we fear not contrite, set of verses addressed to his wife, entitled "Pious Resolutions, by a prospective Lecturer":—

I sober truth and sense will speak,
Sense from all nonsense free;
With wisdom in a perfect way
Shall my two lectures be.
I will endure no sportive whim
Before my mind to play,
No pictured bubble born to burst,
But sober, grave, and grey!

I will not send a shallow jest
Light rattling through the hall;
An idle and a foolish song
I will not sing at all!
I will not flourish my stout stick,
Nor in my plaid appear,
But sit like judges in the court,
Sage, solemn, and severe!

I will not touch with rude offence
A thin-skinned man at all,
But softly shape the thornless thought
To please both great and small.
I will be polished in my phrase,
Judicial in my tone,
That all who hear well pleased shall say,
How wise is Blackie grown!

The professor's platform manner could not have been more happily depicted than in these lines, but his promises of amendment went the way of most good resolutions.

Blackie was never made for a politician. His mind revolted as much against political as ecclesiastical formulae, and in questions of party he was led as much by his heart as by his head. Liberty, but liberty regulated by moral and intellectual principles, seems to have been his guiding political motive; but he was apt to be carried away from his own standpoint when his enthusiasm overmastered his judgment. His affection for the Highlanders blinded him to the fact that

they were acting from a sense of grievances that were sentimental as well as real, and that the redress which they claimed for the former would violate the legal as well as the ethical sanctions that protect the possession of property. In much the same way he was led by the intensity of his national spirit to countenance the ridiculous and insignificant movement to obtain Home Rule for Scotland. All this came of Blackie's over-powering patriotism, which compelled him to speak without considering the consequences that would follow if his words were translated into action by more practical agitators. But though it sometimes bore him into devious extremes, there was nothing finer in Blackie's life than his deep-seated love for his native land, which seemed only to strengthen as the years went on with him. We may have smiled at his enthusiasm for Covenanters and Jacobites, or at the insistency with which he obtruded Wallace and Bruce, Jenny Geddes, and John Knox, in season and out of season upon the public; but we could not but recognize that his "wha-haeing," as it has been irreverently termed, was but the outcome of a mind saturated to the core with deep love and reverence for all that was best and freest and noblest in the Scottish character. These feelings acquired a force from "the insidious influences which were sapping the national character, and transforming its rugged idiosyncrasy into the imperturbable type prevailing in the south." Against "the trivial fashionableness" which "spread like a blight" over Edinburgh society, the professor had a call to bear testimony, and he "fell to spirited denunciation of the new drivelling gentility." Especially was he called upon to protest against the banishment of Scottish songs from our drawing-rooms and his vindication of the spirit, humor, and pathos of Scottish minstrelsy took the form of one of the most charming of his later volumes. In Blackie his countrymen chose to see the representative Scotsman of his day, and idolized him in that character. His fame was chorused by Scotsmen all

over the world. An old student was once asked in the Australian bush, "Man, how's old Blackie?" and again in a New Zealand mine, five hundred feet below the surface, "I say, mate, were you under good old Blackie in Edinburgh?" While a worthy Scot, on his way from the West Indies, went into raptures on meeting with a friend of the professor's. "Ye ken Blackie! ye ken Blackie! Man, he's juist ma deily!" How faithful Blackie was to his love of Scotland and her literature may be conceived from the last words he was able to utter, "The Psalms of David and the songs of Burns, but the Psalmist first—psalms—poetry."

Miss Stoddart draws a beautiful and tender picture of Blackie's inner domestic life, the charm of which we dare not disturb by a ruder pen. No one who visited him either at his Highland retreat of Altnacraig—which was too much a Mecca to his countless friends and admirers, and too open in its hospitality, to be a retreat in the strict sense—or his home in Douglas Crescent, could fail to be impressed with the happy and sympathetic atmosphere that environed his hearth. His impetuous and fiery manner was transformed to gentleness, and his keen humor to playfulness; but always there would come in flashes of wit prelude to an outburst of his natural enthusiastic feelings. But there was genius even in his domestic badinage, as the following extract admirably illustrates:—

His domestic pleasantries were tranquil, and took the form of genial banter and of equally genial irony. To the latter kind belonged the continued narration of the married life and adventures of Mr. Bob Melliss. He was a mythical schoolfellow, gifted and amiable. In an evil hour, allured by her rank and pretensions, he had married the Lady Letitia Lambert. This stately personage belonged to the school of "white-satin-shoe philosophers." Her dainty nerves endured no breath from the plebeian world, but required an environment of patrician and ceremonious elegance. The easy-going Bob had to surrender every friend and every habit of his bachelor days, and became a model husband for

this lofty and sensitive dame. He forgot the very meaning of liberty, ate and drank as her stern glance directed, spoke and kept silence at her command. He was not unhappy,—far from it,—but he was a slave, a well-dressed appendage to the lady Letitia's train. This sorry spectacle was constantly held up for compassion. No wife ever honored her husband's freedom of action more than did Mrs. Blackie, but even she at times begged for small concessions to conventionality, which he granted willingly, but which became inevitably the theme of some new episode in the fabled disfranchisement of Bob Melliss. We knew what was coming when he shook his head and muttered, "Poor Bob Melliss."

Blackie's was a full life, and he was blessed in the retention of his powers, both physical and mental, almost to the last. To those who saw his brisk and jaunty gait as he flitted about among us, or haranguing on "Living Greek" and "Oxford Pedantries," when he was advanced in the eighties, it seemed as if the gods had granted him immortality and perpetual youth. Down to the last, even when confined to his room, his energies found vent in articles on "Father Sarpi" and "The Natural Method of Teaching" only a month or two before the end. The provision of an endowment for a Greek Travelling Scholarship seems to have kept him active even on his deathbed; and as he would never again raise the money in the same way as he had swept the country for the Celtic chair, he made up the funds by his own bequest.

Professor Blackie's death has left a blank in Scotland, and the country seems colder without his all-pervading presence. He occupied a very special, though indefinable, position in the world in which his labors were as beneficent and unselfish as they were energetic. But his work was like the leaven rather than the lump. We know that the work was there, that it supplied the energy to many social and intellectual movements of which the source was lost by the time that they were realized. Of his books, "Self-Culture," "Altavona," "The Four

Phases of Morals," and "Musa Burschlicosa," seem the only ones likely to reach even an immediate posterity; and none of these, or all of them together, will convey any idea by themselves of the personality and genius of a man that astonished, dazzled, and often dominated his generation. It is the ordinary custom to seek to read an author in his books; in Blackie's case we were wont to read the books in the author. His own personality supplied the best key to his writings. The Celtic chair is the most permanent memorial of Professor Blackie that we possess up to this time; but we hope that long before the present generation which knew and loved him, which can appreciate his worth, and kindly smile at the memory of his foibles, has passed away, his memory will be perpetuated as that of a man whom Scotland and her capital delighted to honor, by a worthy monument alongside the statues of Allan Ramsay and Christopher North.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A COUNTRY
DOCTOR.

The other day as I,—a country doctor in a remote part of Cornwall,—was driving home from one of the longest rounds on which my profession calls me, I occupied myself in thinking of the vast difference which I see between my rustic neighbors and the inhabitants of more thickly peopled regions of England. I could indeed without much difficulty make out an excellent case for concluding that this difference is in some respects to the advantage of the Cornish; but putting such controversy aside, I greatly doubt whether it can be understood by any save those who have lived among these people how strangely their thoughts and actions are mingled with the traditions and superstitions of the past. Dead faiths and dead beliefs lie about this country-side like withered leaves in autumn. My feet rustle in them wherever I go; and

from day to day I encounter some hoary fragment of antiquity brought forth from a memory where the tradition of centuries has planted it, and displayed not as a curiosity, but as the ground of some important action.

It was not merely a wandering fancy which set my thoughts in this train as my horse trotted homewards across the breezy down. A singular instance had been presented to me that very afternoon of the amazing durability which is sometimes possessed by the formula of an old belief, keeping the husk in existence long years after the kernel has withered away. I had been visiting a patient at a farm high on the border of the moor; an old woman, the widow of a freeholder, and coming herself of a family whose record in the parish where she dwelt could be traced back almost to the first pages of the church registers. My patient leads a lonely life in her distant farm, and is generally eager for such news as I can give her on the days of my periodical visits. My chief piece of intelligence on the day in question was that a relation of my own, whom she had once seen, was about to be married. The old woman was greatly interested, and asked the name of the bride. On hearing that it was Margaretta, she at once assured me that was a lucky name, and begged me most earnestly to let the bridegroom know how to reap the full advantage of the luck; he must, it seemed, pluck a daisy on the eve of the marriage, draw it three times through the wedding ring, and repeat each time, very slowly, the words, "Saint Margaretta or her nobs."

But what, I asked, did this mystic formula mean? To my ears it sounded like pure gibberish, and I hinted as much. But my patient, though quite unable to assign any definite meaning to the words, harped always back to the conviction that they were lucky, and pleaded this so earnestly that I should have given her real offence if I had seemed to doubt it. Promising therefore that my relation should be duly warned how to secure his luck, I

took my leave, wondering rather idly whether the nonsensical words had originally any meaning at all. It was not until far on my homeward journey that it flashed suddenly into my mind that the words were a prayer, "Sancta Margareta, ora pro nobis," a genuine Latin intercession, handed down from Roman Catholic time. Who knows with what rapture of devotion in days long past Saint Margaret's prayer had been repeated in that very farmstead by the lips of men and women taught to feel a personal devotion to the Saint; and though now even the holy character of the words is forgotten, yet the fact that they have been kept in memory through so many generations, in never so corrupt a form, proves the strength of the feeling which once sanctified them, showing that in some one's mind the prayer was stored up not to be forgotten, with a lingering trust that it would bring a blessing yet.

It was, as I said, this rather striking incident which turned my thoughts to the strange empire which the traditions of the past exercise over the lives of the people in this country; and my mind reverted to a scene which I had witnessed a few months before, the like of which can very rarely have been seen outside Cornwall.

Driving home in the dark one wintry evening after a long day's work, I saw a little group of people entering a solitary cottage by the roadside. The woman who passed in first was in tears. I knew her well; she was the tenant of the cottage and wife of a sailor whose ship was long overdue. Another woman, who seemed to be trying to console her passed in with her, while the third member of the party, an old fisherman with whom I have held many curious conversations both before and since that evening, remained standing by the roadside. He greeted me, and I pulled up my horse. "Any fresh trouble there, Peter?" I asked. "Ez, zur," he answered; "poor Jan's drowned." "That's bad news indeed," said I. "Then you have heard that

the ship is really lost?" "Naw, zur," was the reply; "oonly poor Jan." "I don't understand you," I said; "is the ship safe then?" "Uz doan't know about the ship, zur. Betty she said hur couldn't goo on like this waitin' and waitin', and not knawin' whether her man was dead or alive. So she went and called 'n on the shore,—down by the watter," he added, seeing that I did not understand him. "Well, and what happened? Did you go with her?" "Ez, zur," he answered in his slow way; "and Tamson Rickard over to Polmorth, and Betty her stood at the edge of the watter, crying out, 'Oh, Jan, my man, my good man;' till Tamson catches her by the arm and tells her to hush; an' then, just very low, we heard 'n answer." The old man shook his head and stepped back to allow me to proceed. There was something in his manner so solemn and dignified as effectually to check any disposition to pry further. He had the aspect of one who had indeed been present at an actual communing with the dead. The widow called her husband; they all heard the spirit answer; so much might be told, but what remained was sacred to the bereaved woman's grief. I drove on after a few words of sympathy; and as I followed the coast road beneath which the winter surges were beating heavily in the darkness, and glanced out at the line of foam across which the drowned sailor had answered the cry of his desolate wife, I began to wonder whether there might not be truth in some things, at least, across which we have long since drawn the bar of incredulity.

Near the little town in which I dwell a tidal river flows down to the sea through a deep and wide valley, or rather a gorge in the hills. The fresh-water stream winds like a narrow riband through the wide expanse of sand which fills the bottom of the valley; and at low tide foot-passengers cross the water on a bridge consisting of a single plank, while vehicles of all kinds drive through a ford close by. At the proper time

this is safe enough; but when the tide begins to flow, the salt water races through the gorge with astonishing speed; the little foot-bridge is submerged, and the ford, even at the first coming of the tide, is easily missed.

The river has an evil reputation. Countless disasters have occurred there; and the souls of drowned men and women are perpetually flitting to and fro across the waste of sand, in the guise of little birds, pointing out to the traveller where the footing is secure. So runs one of the traditions; and indeed the valley is infested by flocks of birds. But there is another sign of warning in this river-bed, especially by night and when the salt water is streaming fast over the sandy flats. Then as the wayfarer pauses in doubt whether he can reach the foot-bridge, or the farmer in his gig hesitates before dashing into that wide stream which is fast drowning the ford, while his mare snorts and plunges as the water ripples round her feet in the darkness, suddenly a hoarse shriek resounds close beside him, a wild inarticulate cry, which the least superstitious man might interpret as a note of warning. It is the crake, and for many miles there is no man, woman, or child who, having once heard that scream, will not turn and go five miles round rather than cross the river-bed that day. Whence the warning comes, if indeed it be one, I know not. Some say the shriek is from a bird; others again philosophize about noises in the wet sand; while most of the peasants can tell a wild story about a wicked man who perished at the crossing in the endeavor to bring a priest to the bedside of a dying woman. His one good deed rescued his soul from utter damnation, and won for him the privilege of flying forever about the scene of his act of self-sacrifice, gifted with the power of warning others in this mild way against the danger which proved fatal to himself.

There is an easy wisdom in smiling

at such stories when one reads them in a warm, well-lighted room; but I have not always felt them ludicrous while driving down in the river-valley on a winter evening, chilled and wearied by a long day's work. On such a night, when the hills are shrouded with vapor, the very sound of the surf beating on the rocks is enough to fill a man's fancy with strange thoughts; and I take no shame in admitting that it is sometimes an effort to drive the traditions of the place from my mind. But enough of these uncanny matters; I have brighter pages in my note-book, and as I turn them over many a half-forgotten incident starts to life again.

It would probably surprise many good people who are accustomed to put confidence in their doctor, to know with how many others that confidence has to be shared in Cornwall. White witches, gipsies, wandering quacks, all dispute my pre-eminence, while my patients play off one of us against another with inexhaustible skill, or shall I say impudence? This has long ceased to wound my vanity. I can tell the story of my old friend Mary without a pang.

Mary, let me say, was on the whole the most contented person I ever knew. She dwelt in a little hovel beside the open road which cuts across the downs, a structure looking as if it had been thrown together hastily to shelter sheep, and so unfit for a human habitation that I used to wonder that it was not condemned by the local surveyor. Mary suffered from heart-disease; neither my skill nor the whole demonology could make her any better, or save her from occasional attacks of violent pain. She had a continual hankering after witchcraft, and though I did my best to persuade her not to risk any charlatanism, I knew she would turn from me to the demons at last; so that when she came to meet me one day with a smiling face, saying cheer-

fully, "Shan't want 'ee no moor after to-day, thank 'ee kindly, zur," I had no doubt what had occurred.

"Why, Mary, have you got well all of a sudden?" I asked, getting down from my dog-cart. "No more aches and pains?" "I can't tell, zur," she answered, still smiling hopefully, "but I've found out what's the matter with me." "Have you indeed?" I said. "I have an idea about that too, but tell me yours." She was ready enough to tell me, since she felt really obliged for my care, and thought it might be useful to me to know that my diagnosis was all wrong. It was no such thing as heart-disease that troubled her; somebody had "laid a load" upon her, and she was going to Truro to find out who it was. Her information was derived from a wandering gipsy, who had called at her house on the previous evening, and who had supported her credit by telling Mary the following striking and authentic tale.

There lived a few miles away a small farmer called John Hocken (Mary said she knew him well, but I have reason to doubt this), who to judge from the gipsy's description of him must have been a worthy person with a rasping manner. At any rate he was by no means so popular among his neighbors as his solid virtues might have led one to expect. In fact Hocken had enemies, as he was soon to discover. One morning he was on his way to market with three fine calves, for which he hoped to obtain a good price. On the way he met a neighbor, who stopped to pass the time of day. "Wheer be gooin', Jan?" Jan explained, and the other turned to look at the cattle. "Vine beasts," he admitted after a critical examination. "What do 'ee want for them?" "What I can get," replied John cautiously, whereon the other promptly offered him ten shillings a head, an offer which John put aside as too foolish to need an answer, and went on his road, leaving the keen bargainer casting sour looks after him. John on his part thought

no more of the matter. When he reached the fair he saw no calves so good as his. Everybody admired them, but still no one bought; and when night came John had no choice but to drive them home again, which he did in a very bad temper. But this misfortune proved as nothing beside that which confronted him the next morning when he found all his fine young calves dead in the cow-house. This was a serious calamity; but John had still three pigs fit for sale, and he at once set out for St. — where it happened to be market day, driving the pigs before him. The road was not the same by which he had driven the calves, and it was curious that when he had got about half-way he should meet again with the man whom he had encountered on the previous day. There was something about the man's look, too, which John did not like; so he preserved a rigid silence when accosted, and deigned no answer to the question where he was going. The man walked on beside him for a little way, plying him with questions, and at last turned down a by-way, observing as he went, with one of his sour looks, "You might as well have dealt with me, John." John was glad to see him go; but something seemed to be wrong with the pigs. They grunted, staggered about, and finally, lying down in the dust, were in a few minutes as dead as the calves. John began to see that something more than common was the matter with his affairs; but, upset as he was by the serious loss he had sustained, his chief feeling was a conviction that the powers of darkness were employed against him. He drew the carcasses under the shadow of the hedge, and set off home as fast as he could go. He was nearly there when some one looked over a stile and asked in a sour voice, "How's your wife, John?" John needed not to look to see who it was. Terror seized him and he fairly took to his heels. When he reached home he had to run at once for the doctor, for his wife had had a fit, and lay dangerously ill for many days.

Now here, as Mary triumphantly pointed out to me, was a case which I could not have mended in the least. It was clear enough that "a load" had been laid on poor John Hocken. Well, and to whom did he go to get it taken off? Not to a doctor; that was the point! He went to the White Witch in Truro!

I always pique myself on knowing my place, so as soon as Mary put the matter to me in this light, I saw there was nothing left to do but to express a humble hope that the witch might succeed where I had failed, and to pay Mary's omnibus-fare into Truro, which I did accordingly, parting with her on the best of terms. Poor Mary was back on my hands ere long, neither better nor worse for the witch's remedies; but she never would tell me exactly what had happened. I suspect she was treated in the same manner as another old patient of mine who had had two paralytic strokes, but who might have lived for years if she could have kept the witches out of her head. As ill luck would have it there came to her house one day a learned gentleman who said that for three guineas he would rub her all over with something that smoked, and the temptation of this novel mode of treatment was too much for her. The witch promised to cure her, and so he did, not only from paralysis, but from all other earthly ills besides. I have my doubts whether he ought not to have been prosecuted for it.

Mary was also called Jecholiah, a name popular enough in my neighborhood, but so little known elsewhere except at Scripture-readings that it may not be uninteresting to put on record the circumstances to which it owes its popularity in the West.

Jecholiah, the first of that name who made any figure in profane history, was the last, or thousandth, wife of the giant Bolster, a hero of ancient times when giants were common in the world, or at least in that important portion of it which is now called Cornwall. The deeds of Bolster would fill a volume; but it is only with his views

on matrimony that the story of Jecholiah is concerned. In Bolster's opinion the proper and natural duration of that state was one calendar year. There appears to be in some quarters in the present day a disposition to approve of varied matrimonial relations: and in such quarters interest will be felt in Bolster's simple and direct method of securing the desired sequence of wives. An ideal which had worn out was to him a thing of jest; and so every year, on the anniversary of his wedding, his practice was to set his wife on the top of Saint Agnes' Beacon and throw rocks at her until he killed her. The blocks of granite still lie all over the hillside, proving the truth of the story; and so the system went on bringing annual relief and satisfaction to its author until he married Jecholiah.

Now Jecholiah seems to have been a good wife in everything but her reluctance to go away when she was no longer wanted. She could not rise to the height of self-denial which her husband expected of her; and when her year of office had nearly expired, she appealed to Saint Agnes for help. Saint Agnes came to the rescue willingly, not having been entirely pleased this long while with the use to which her beacon was put; and she made a treacherous suggestion to Jecholiah, who demeaned herself sufficiently to entertain it, thus showing how quickly even the best of wives fall to pieces morally when they begin to conspire against their husbands. Saint Agnes gave Jecholiah full instructions, and despatched that deceitful woman home again to meet her husband with a smiling face.

The next morning Jecholiah, still wreathed in smiles, led her husband up to the shaft of a mine which opened on a pleasant hillside overlooking the sea; and there Bolster, throwing himself at length on the turf, opened a vein in his arm. This was his invariable custom as the time for putting his wife away came near; for the exercise was severe, and he found it well to carry off any little surfeit in ad-

vance. He always bled himself a mine-shaft full, no more and no less; and though he had not used this shaft before, he thought it would do as well as any other, while Jecholiah seemed to wish to go that way. So she sat by his head singing softly some sleepy song, and from time to time looking behind his head at the sea which was now beginning to be covered with a dark red flush. Bolster grew drowsy; he looked again and again to see if the shaft were not full, but there was still no sign of blood near the top. At last, full of strange suspicions, he rose tottering to his feet and looked around him. The sea as far as the horizon was red with his blood, flowing like a river, leagues on leagues from land. The very sky had caught the reflection, and flamed like a brilliant sunset. The mine had an exit to the sea, and the life-blood of the trustful giant had flowed out before he saw the trick.

The story of Jecholiah has led me away from the subject of witchcraft, which indeed is so common in these parts that many volumes might be filled with the account of the remarkable expedients resorted to by the wise women for curing the incurable. The collection of such facts should be something more than a work of idle curiosity, for the lore of these ignorant old men and women is almost invariably traditional; a rubbish-heap, perhaps, yet one which carefully sorted helps in its way to reconstruct the past. I have sometimes thought that both my income and my popularity might be materially increased if I were to treat my patients with the charms in which, though betrayed by them over and over again, they yet have more faith than in all my drugs.

Grace Rickard came to me a few weeks ago complaining that she could no longer hear the grunting of her pigs as they routed about in the early morning, though this was the signal which had roused her daily ever since she was a child. What could be done I did; but not even the great specialist who trained me could undo the corro-

sion of old age, and it was necessary at last to tell poor Grace that her hearing was destroyed. She departed so tearful and despondent that when passing her little farm a short time after, I thought it would be kind to look in. Grace was sitting before the fire, seeming quite cheerful. On her knee was a large piece of board, over which she was deeply engrossed; and as the door opened I heard her say, very solemnly, "Lord, deliver me from my sins." This pious prayer was followed by a strange sort of strangling noise which seemed so alarming that I came forward quickly. Grace laughed out loud when she saw my face; "Dawn't 'ee be frited, zur," she said; "'tes aunly a sneeze." "It's the oddest sneeze I ever heard," I answered; "why can't you sneeze in the ordinary way? It's much safer." "So I do, when I can," she explained; "but now 'tes got up to nine times running, and wherever to get nine sneezes from is moor'n I know." This was not very comprehensible; but on investigation it appeared that what Grace had upon her lap was an infallible cure for deafness, of such a simple description as to place it within the reach of the meanest purse. Nothing indeed is needed but a small bit of board and a packet of stout pins. Every morning a pin is stuck firmly into the board; the patient crosses the two fore-fingers and lays them over the pin, saying aloud, "Lord, deliver me from my sins," and at the same moment must sneeze violently. The first day this is a simple matter; but on the next, when there are two pins in the board, two sneezes must be produced, the next day three, and so on; and as it is not everybody who is able to sneeze an indefinite number of times at will, the difficulty in which poor Grace found herself is sure to arise at last. Unhappily this difficulty is fatal to the remedy, as Grace discovered in the end. But as she is too just to blame anybody but herself for her inability to carry out the conditions, the reputation of the cure remains as high as ever.

The faith which grounds itself on such remedies as these is of course traditional, to be classed with the fancy that the herb vervain blesses the ground for three feet round the spot on which it grows, or that the best of all remedies for many ailments from which children suffer is a blessed shilling (that is to say one taken from the communion-plate) tied round the neck. Its root is in the past. It was grown and watered by that splendid isolation which left Cornwall during whole centuries untouched by the thought of the rest of England, a mediæval county when all the others had become modern; and it flourishes still, a wide-spreading tree of superstition, whose shadow will extend far and wide over the West Country for ages yet to come. For my own part I would not have it otherwise. When I try to realize how much poorer and duller life will be when the shutters are put up in the cottage of the White Witch, when even the children are too wise to stop and turn their stockings as they pass the corner where the pixies are, and when by night or day no one is afraid to cross the river valley any more, I find myself dwelling fondly on the memory of an old man, a patient of mine against his will, who was much depressed in his last illness by the fear that it might not be his last. It was my bill he was afraid of, though I did my best to assure him there would be none; and when he found himself dying beyond any possibility of recall a cunning smile played over his face as almost with his last breath he whispered, "I've done 'ee now, doctor, b'aint I? 'Ee can't send'n after I wheer I be gooin'." And so the old man put out on his voyage quite happily, sustained by the consciousness of having got for nothing all he could, up to the very last. My own hope is the same. I have dwelt here many years and have learned to love the follies at which I smiled at first. Year by year they pass away. The world is growing wiser; I have had my pleasure in its folly, and the day

is coming when I shall be presented with the bill. But as my years are declining I hope that, like my old patient, I may escape it after all; and I hug the knowledge to my heart that no one can send it after me "wheer I be gooin'."

From The National Review.

THE CONSEIL DE FAMILLE IN FRANCE.

In his monumental work, M. Rambaud bitterly regrets the overthrow of Gallic civilization. "It was a misfortune for France and for humanity," writes the first French historian of our day, "that this civilization, inchoate we must admit, but in the highest degree interesting and original, should have been arrested. The conquest of Cæsar, bringing about Roman institutions and customs, prevented our ancestors from the free development of their own genius, aided by inspiration from foreign sources."

Certain traces of the absorbed nationality remain, the *Code Civil* retains a few Gallic forms and usages, for instance, the marriage contract known as "*la communauté de biens*," according to which the earnings or profits of the husband are equally shared by the wife; again, the heritage of the paternal house by the youngest child, called the rights of "*juveigneurie*," which in certain parts of France existed during the Middle Ages. Such cases are exceptional. If we want to understand French law, we must go to Rome as the fountain head, Roman jurisprudence being the basis of the various codes unified and revised under Napoleon, and with numerous emendations in force to this day.

It is difficult for English readers unacquainted with French life to realize the effect of a legal system so opposed in spirit to our own. In England, we understand by a family, father, mother, and children. In France, the designation must be taken in a far wider sense, as we shall see when explaining that characteristic

institution known as the *Conseil de Famille*. French legislation puts the family first, relegating the units to the secondary place. The Code Civil, imitating the patriarch in the fable, inculcates the principle, union is strength, by the closest tying up of the fagot. Even when past middle life, a man or woman about to marry, must produce the written consent of their parents or certificate of their death. How strongly the members of a family are bound together the following will show. A very satisfactory marriage was about to take place among well-to-do bourgeois in a French town well known to me. An uncle of the fiancée failed in business, and, although there was nothing against his character, the engagement was at once broken off by mutual consent. Thus an innocent girl was perhaps rendered unhappy for life simply because a relation had been unfortunate in his affairs. A French writer has done ample justice to English life and character. M. Max Leclerc points out that Balzac's great novel, "César Birotteau," could not have been suggested in England. An English Birotteau would find friends to set him on his legs again and give him another chance.

A score of instances might be adduced in point. One never hears French parents say on the marriage of their children, "I have lost my Jean or Jeanne," it is ever, "I have gained a daughter or a son." Doubtless, this solidarity of blood relations and allies by marriage, accounts for much of the solid wealth we find in France, perhaps also for a certain narrowness and stagnation common in country places. One thing is obvious, uncompromising as are our neighbors in public life, the individual character must really be much more amiable than our own. In one hospitable middle-class country house I know of, two mothers-in-law, madame's mother and monsieur's, always spent the long vacation; in addition, were the married daughter, her husband, and four children. And the host and hostess ever looked good-nature itself. I never detected so much

as a frown. These remarks will contribute to a proper understanding of the *Conseil de Famille*, or family council, which, up to a certain point replaces our own Court of Chancery, and was instituted in the interest of orphans, minors, and the mentally afflicted. The functions of this body are strictly defined in the Code Civil, and in any popular handbook of French law, for instance the "*Droit Usuel*," in the useful little "*Bibliothèque Nationale*." I will now give a few illustrative cases.

Napoleon and his legists had ever in view the interests of the child, those of the wife and mother being relegated to a less than secondary place. As we should expect, the *Conseil de Famille* concerns itself with a fatherless child even before its birth. No sooner is a wife left a widow in the condition of pregnancy than a family council is summoned consisting of three next-of-kin on the paternal and three on the maternal side, presided over by a *juge de paix*, or justice of the peace. By these a trustee is appointed, whose business it is to watch over the material interests of the unborn babe, the mother's, so to say, being thrown into the bargain. On the birth of the child, the mother and this guardian are appointed co-trustees. Should the widow re-marry, a second family council is summoned; it is then decided whether or no the mother shall retain her guardianship, if so, the second husband is associated with her, both being held responsible before the law for the fortune of the minor entrusted to their keeping.

Again, take the case of a child or children of rich parents who have died intestate. The *Conseil de Famille* appoints a trustee, in whom full authority is vested, a sub-trustee being named whose business it is to see that such responsibilities are faithfully discharged. Under certain circumstances, these trustees are compelled to defer their judgment to that of the family council. A legacy falls to the minor, but, as not unfrequently happens, a legacy may be anything but advantageous. I have heard of a reversion of

property bequeathed to a French lad, which cost a little fortune in legal fees and duties, the testators having bequeathed a life interest free of charge to some one else. The parents of the child in question were, however, rich, and could afford to lose several thousand francs in view of valuable property their son or grandson might in all probability live to enjoy. The Conseil de Famille would, without doubt, have repudiated such a bequest. Nor can trustees deal with important investments, transfer of stock, mortgages, etc., on their own responsibility; the family council must in these cases consult three lawyers designated by the *procureur de la republique*, or judge of a supreme court. Trustees are also absolutely prohibited from purchasing any kind of property whatever that belongs to their ward. Indeed, there is no doubt that the interests of propertied orphans are safer in France than in England, where, as often happens, their entire fortune is entrusted to some friend or relation.

There are two other classes of minors equally well cared for by the Conseil de Famille. I allude to idiots and the mentally incapable, in French legal terminology, *les interdits*. Under the head of "l'Interdiction," the Code Civil gives minutest particulars as to limitation of parental power in the case of helpless or insane persons. The perusal of this chapter sets us wondering how by any possibility any French subject can be wrongfully detained in a madhouse, or, if indeed helpless, ill-treated at home. The answer to such a question may, I presume, be found in the fact that, with many other excellent laws in France, those, for instance, for the protection of animals, the acts in question are allowed to fall into abeyance.

The mentally afflicted is under perpetual tutelage; in his case, the authority of the Conseil de Famille being subordinate to that of a legal tribunal. Not many years since a case in point came under my own observation. A gentleman had been pronounced insane by a family council, the verdict was set aside, the local magis-

trates, who knew the individual in question, asserting his sanity.

The profligate or incorrigible minor is also amenable to this informal yet legally constituted court. A widowed mother is thereby enabled to place her son under control. At various reformatories in France these young scapegraces are received and treated almost like prisoners till they show signs of amendment. I remember when visiting the agricultural reformatory of Citeaux in Burgundy such a case being reported to me. Some unfortunate lady had been compelled to try this disciplinary measure as a last resource. At Mettray, near Tours, there is an especial wing set aside for youthful blackguards of good family, one and all sentenced by the Conseil de Famille.

But it is chiefly the subject of property with which the improvised tribunal concerns itself. When we examine the Code Civil we are struck with the minute, almost interminable, formalities attached to property of any kind. The matter is brought still more forcibly home to us by a residence in France, under the roof of French people. All kinds of disputes and vexations occur concerning the most trifling object of marketable value. I have known, for instance, the estrangement of a widow and her eldest son brought about by a set of teacups! The service in question belonged to the mother, but not being named in the inventory, was claimed by the new head of the home. French law ever, be it remarked, favors the children at the cost of the mother. A step-mother is nowhere. When a millionaire dies intestate, though his second wife may be penniless, she does not receive a farthing. I well remember the treatment of a step-mother, irreproachable in every respect, who had been a veritable guardian-angel to her husband's children. Life was barely extinct when the eldest son carried off his father's gold watch and pendants.

The prevailing store set by property in France and strikingly exemplified in the Code Civil, without doubt affords the key to national solidity and material greatness. We cannot have

everything. Economy and thrift will naturally offtimes run into sordidness. The family council illustrates alike the good and evil sides of characteristics handed down from generation to generation. Nothing is more curious than the care with which peasants and even laborers and domestic servants made their wills under the Ancien Régime. I have before me a copy of two wills; one of a farm servant maid, dated 1685; the other of a peasant owner, dated 1752. The former, after bequeathing a certain sum and plot of land to the parish church in consideration of Christian burial and masses for her soul, leaves a flail basket each to a fellow-servant and her master, and the rest of her property, consisting of clothes, furniture, and money, to a female friend. The second testator is even more generous to the Church and his own soul, but does not forget his servants, to each of whom he leaves "la somme de six livres par dessus leurs gages pour les bons services par eux à long rendus" (the sum of six livres¹ over and above their wages in consideration of their services), and besides other legacies, six bushels of corn to six poor persons, whose names are given; the remainder of his property to be divided among his children. I mention the facts as they help to explain the extraordinary pains taken by French law to protect property, and the growth of a propertied class of peasants long anterior to the Revolution. In M. de Foville's work upon the French house or homestead he cites certain cantons in which ninety per cent. of the inhabitants live in their own houses. What inherited, indomitable thrift is here represented! And as the non-propertied class is the exception throughout the country, we need not be surprised at the existence of the Conseil de Famille, a tribunal at once convenient and uncostly, a tribunal ready to take a personal interest in the minutest question brought under consideration; last, but not least, repre-

senting that most sacred name in French ears, the family.

In England such an institution would be of very restricted use; in the first place, because with us property is the exception and not the rule; and secondly, because our notions of a family so widely differ from those held in France. Moreover, insular reserve would resent so patriarchal a system of managing affairs. Imagine six uncles and aunts, presided over by a justice of the peace, deciding whether a child shall go to this school or that. Our way of settling matters is shorter and simpler, and more in conformity with the national temper. Unfortunately, too, if the six uncles and aunts of any middle-class orphan did not object to a sitting, there would most likely be no property left to squabble over. We are a wonderful race, in some respects the most wonderful, so French folk say, but certainly the least thrifty. If any French law or usage could help to cure this defect let us have it by all means even some adaptation of the Conseil de Famille.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Officier de l'Instruction Publique de France.

From The Spectator.

ANNALS OF A ROOKERY.

Domestic rooks, nesting round a good old English country-house, are always attractive creatures; their presence adds a certain distinction and air of long establishment to the human home, and the time-honored belief which asserts the connection between the continuance of the one and the other is not without grounds of fact. Mr. J. G. Sowerby, of Chollerton, Northumberland, has acknowledged the compliment paid to his house by the patronage of his rooks, by publishing a monograph¹ on their life and habits, written from notes taken during a

¹ The livre at this date represented the value of a franc and five sous.

¹ Rooks and their Neighbors. By J. G. Sowerby. London: Gay and Bird. Newcastle-on-Tyne: Hanson, Swan, and Morgan.

number of years, and illustrated by sketches drawn with much artistic feeling, and a literal truth to facts, of their nests, the trees in which they build, and their situation round the gables and out-buildings of his fine old house. He has even taken a hint from Bai Rei's "Hundred Birds," and sketched the rooks' nests from between the chimney-pots. A strong rookery close to a house offers better chances for observing the effects of weather on the domestic economy of bird-life, as well as of the processes of building, hatching, and rearing the young, than any other bird community. Swallows and martins nest even nearer to our indoor life than the rooks; but the lateness of the season at which they build saves the old birds from exposure to rough weather either when building or carrying food to the young. Heronries are seldom found within observing distance of a house—though there is one such in Hampshire—and much of the life of the birds is invisible owing to their nocturnal habits. But a rookery such as that which Mr. Sowerby describes can be seen in all weathers from the windows, and the effects of rain and storms noted without trouble or discomfort. Mr. Sowerby was accustomed to watch his rooks from the house-top, and illustrates his watch-post by a capital picture—perhaps the first which has ever been engraved—of the scene among the roof-ridges and tiles of an old English manor-house, with the rook trees and nests almost level with the eaves. The following was what he saw during an equinoctial gale when the rooks were sitting, and the cock-birds, which, unlike the sparrows and starlings, have to make a long journey each time they fetch food for the hens, were struggling home in wind and rain. "During the hatching-period this year we had a succession of snow-storms and heavy winds. My place of observation at this time of the year was the roof of my house, and as the branches of the trees almost touched it, I had a very near view of all that went on amongst our friends. On a Sunday at this season it had been sleeting the

whole day, and about four o'clock I wrapped myself up well, and climbed through the bacon-room—which is in the roof—on to the leads. What a wild scene it was, to be sure! The husband rooks, wet and weary, were struggling over the whitened fields, with their wives' suppers, pitching and rolling about like luggers in a gale of wind. Soaked through and miserable, hungry, and cross on account of the long absence of their husbands, the wives come out of their nests to see if they can catch a glimpse of the laggards. The latter are in bad tempers too, and as both are accompanied by the noise of the rushing, hurrying wind, you can imagine by what a scene of disorder I was surrounded." The Northumberland rooks seem to begin building at a uniform date, without regard to season. Mr. Sowerby notes that his birds, in three successive years, had completed their nests on the 7th, 8th, and 9th of March respectively, and that in a rookery at twenty miles' distance the date only differed by one day. Perhaps this is due to the carnivorous habits lately acquired by the North-country rook, who has been obliged to forego his usual practice of following the plough and feeding on the fallows and land prepared for spring sowing, because the greater part of the district is now not ploughed at all, but converted into grassland. The Chollerton rooks are depicted eating a dead sheep like any carrion crow; and on the northern sheep farms "braxy" mutton is common enough in the lambing time to provide free meals for many colonies of demoralized rooks.

In the South, though the rooks are the earliest of our commoner birds to begin nesting, the date depends entirely on the weather. Even if the season is fine, their nests require so much labor that the eggs are often not laid until after those of the brown owl and stock dove. If the end of February and the beginning of March is dry and cold they usually suffer from want of food, and then nesting is postponed. The old birds often come to look at their nests, and occasionally bring a few sticks to

add to them; but even after mild winters, no solid work is done till March 1st. Looking back over notes taken during the last twelve years, we see that in 1886, when February and March were remarkably cold, the southern rooks did not begin building till March 19th; while in the next year they had begun to line their nests on March 8th, though the frost and snow which followed later in that year caused them to postpone laying for some time. But wind is the chief natural difficulty encountered by the nesting rook, as drought or rain are the trials of the later period when the young are hatched. The great object of the experienced rook is to secure a foundation for its nest, which will resist a gale of wind. At least two days' work is needed before the nest will stand even a fresh breeze. The work begins at a time when roaring north-east winds are more common than not, and the nest is sheltered by no foliage; but the perseverance of the rooks when working in a gale is exemplary.

One gusty March we watched a pair who had selected the windward tree in a clump. The beginnings of the nest were blown away five times, but the birds did not forsake the tree, and at last made their foundations safe. *Dead* twigs and branches form a very small part of the nest. Very rotten pieces are sometimes taken and broken up to form a stuffing between the outer cup and the lining, but these would not be supple enough to weave strongly together for the main framework. Every twig has therefore to be twisted off some branch, often with considerable effort. The rook walks along the bough till he finds it too slender to give him a firm foothold, and then, seizing it with his bill, twists it to and fro, like a man breaking a piece of wire. The soft slender twigs of lime-trees suit them admirably for this purpose. One bird does the greater part of the stick-cutting, while the other is architect. It is most comical to watch the former, after delivering his twig, perch upon some bough close by, and caw, apparently giving advice as to its proper

place and arrangement, while its partner is wattling it into the nest. These twigs have a certain economic value in the eyes of rooks. They are a manufactured article, and it is these that are occasionally purloined when both birds are absent from a nest. In this respect, the northern rooks seem less honest than their southern relations. "The morals of rooks," writes Mr. Sowerby of those round his house, "are utterly bad as to thieving and stealing, even at times when there is every chance of detection. Whenever an opportunity offers, they rob from their neighbors' nests to furnish their own; this, of course, is only done when the master is away from home. . . . In time his tormentors have enough to do to manage their own affairs, and he patiently waits, biding his time. Then, as one of his late tormentors sails away with the wind, he swoops down upon the unprotected, half-finished nest of his enemy, and with two or three good tugs at the main rafters, down comes the whole structure."

Birds which, like rooks, starlings, and sparrows, live commonly round houses, are seldom thought worth the trouble of keeping in captivity, yet rooks make intelligent and amusing pets, and will become as tame as parrots. Mr. Sowerby gives a history of one bird, which lived on friendly terms with a kitten, a puppy, and all the human members of the household. In its easy life indoors it showed little of the sober, practical character of the wild rook, and developed tastes more commonly seen in tame ravens, jays, and magpies. It stored all its superfluous food in holes and corners, and with it all the "curios" which took its fancy. "He had stores of apple-peel, cherries, pears, string, needles, the ends of cigarettes, and many other such odds and ends, which he would hide in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, and only encroach on when he found himself short of other delicacies." On the other hand, the insect-catching tastes of the rook made it a useful inmate in a country house and garden. It caught ants, flies, cockroaches, and humble-bees, cock-

roaches being looked on as "game" and hunted with particular zeal, would even join in a game of rounders and fly off with the ball, as a wild rook did recently with a golf-ball which had fallen on some bare ground after a long drive. This rook escaped, and joined the wild birds. But in most cases temporary domestication unfits them for the wild life, even in the neighborhood of the house in which they have

been kept. Three young rooks, which were recently tamed and allowed their liberty, used to fly out with the wild birds, returning to the house in the evening to be fed, and roosting in an out-house. All of these birds died at intervals, not from any injury, or from want of food, but apparently from the effects of eating something which the wild rooks had either avoided or were in better case to digest.

George Meredith's Peculiarities.—These samples are taken from a novel entitled "The Amazing Marriage." "Nor could he quite shape an idea of annoyance, though he hung to it and faced at Gower a battery of the promise to pay him for this." "But the appearance of the woman of the burlesque name and burlesque actions, and odd ascension out of the ludicrous into a form to cast a spell, so that she commanded serious recollections of her, disturbed him." "Her eyes were homely, though they were such a morning over her face." "She wrestled with him where the darkneses rolled their snake-eyed torrents over between jagged horns of the nether world. She stood him in the white ray of the primal vital heat to bear unwithering beside her the test of light. They flew, they chased, battled, embraced, disjoined, adventured apart, brought back the count of their deeds, compared them—and name the one crushed." "She had the privilege of a soul beyond our minor rules and restraints to speak her wishes to the true wife of a mock husband—no husband; less a husband than this shadow of a woman a wife, she said; and spoke them without adjuring the bowed head beside her to record a promise or seem to show the far willingness, but merely that the wishes should be heard on earth in her last breath, for a good man's remaining one chance of happiness." "Her mind was at the same time alive to our worldly conventions when other people came under its light; she sketched them and their views in her brief words between the gasps, or heaved on them, with perspicuous humorous bluntness, as vividly as her twitched eyebrows indicated the laugh. Gower Woodseer she read startlingly, if correctly."

Old Winchester Palace.—The pickaxe has brought to light some interesting relics of old Winchester Palace, Stoney Street, the actual site of which had even been forgotten. Very recently the trustees of the Borough market purchased some property in Stoney Street, and a row of twelve houses was ordered to be taken down on the right-hand side of the street going to the Clink. Behind these houses was a spacious open yard, well paved, which served for the use of wagons laden with pockets of hops for adjoining warehouses. There is now no doubt that this was once the courtyard of the palace. Portions of the original building, consisting of chalk and flint walls, ancient doorways, and corbels of equal age have been uncovered. The archway spanning the street is a part of the same building, and one half of the structure is composed of the original old flint and plaster. The palace was the scene of many interesting occurrences. Hither came, while in her teens, the graceful and handsome niece of the Duke of Norfolk, Katharine Howard, to meet Henry VIII. Before their time, a royal wedding was celebrated in this palace between the daughter of the Duke of Somerset and James I. of Scotland. The ground was open to the river when the first palace was erected here in 1107 by Bishop Walter Giffard; and the grounds embraced fifty acres, which were diversified with gardens and walks under spreading trees, while ornamental fountains and statues further added to the natural charms of the situation. The remains of the Great Hall were destroyed by fire so recently as 1814, and now bits built into the walls of modern warehouses show what style was adopted by my Lords of Winchester.

